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NO. 30

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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A GOLDEN BOOK.

THE above is the title of the essay which makes up No. 1 of Volume II. of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

The essay has to do with "Marius the Epicurean," the philosophical novel of the time of Marcus Aurelius, by Walter Pater. The Pater masterpiece is a model of style, a mine of classical learning, a rarely sympathetic study of the different pagan philosophies, a charming picture of Roman life and a sympathetic presentation of the conditions in which Christianity came to flourish. The character of Marius, the hero, is modeled at some remove upon that of the pagan Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, but the interpretation of the latter character is one of the gems of latter day literature. The essay, "A Golden Book" is merely an attempt to project on paper the mood and musing induced by a reading of "Marius the Epicurean." The essay will not appeal deeply to the votaries of "the strenuous life," but it may call the attention of many to a writer hitherto much neglected of the crowd. THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. One is issued each month. The twelve issues will be mailed to any address for 50 cents, paid in advance.

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MISSOURI FETICHISM.

THE FAKE THAT KEEPS THE STATE DEMOCRATIC.

NOTHING but party fetichism can save the Democrat State ticket in Missouri this year. The only question is, whether the people of the State are not invincibly prejudiced in favor of anything bearing the Democratic label. That the Stephens administration has created widespread disgust is admitted in every Democratic gathering, but it is thought the regulars will stand by the ticket in spite of disgust.

The Democratic management tells the people that they must not mind the St. Louis and Kansas City police scandals, the Excise office scandals, the nasty Fulton Asylum mess, the passage and signature of the St. Louis street railway trust bill, the passage and signature of the Baking Powder Trust bill that shut off the manufacture of 20,000,000 pounds of baking powder in this State, the police salary grab, the Nesbitt law disfranchising St. Louis Republicans *a la* Goebel, the protested salary warrants, the shameful connivance at riot in St. Louis, the recent queeriness of railway Trust assessments, and the general maladministration of affairs by the Gubernatorial appointees. None of those things is important to people of this generation. Oh, no! The people must think of the infamies of a Republican faction that ruled the State thirty years ago. It doesn't matter that Col. Richard Dalton shows that the taxes have been raised on the Missouri farmer, while the taxes on the corporations have been lowered. It doesn't matter that Stone, as a lobbyist for trusts and corporations, "sucked eggs and hid the shells." It doesn't matter that Governor Stephens declared Col. Bill Phelps, lobbyist-at-large for the State, was "a handy man to have around about convention time," for the transportation favors he could bestow. It doesn't matter that President Hawes, of the Police Board, was the attorney of the Sugar Trust advocating the annexation of Hawaii. It doesn't matter that Mr. Dockery, while on a silver platform, is a gold bug at heart, or that while now opposing imperialism he was in the scheme to turn down Bland's anti-expansion policy at Springfield two years ago. Nothing matters, but that, thirty years ago, the Republicans applied the test-oath, and Rodman was a counter and State finances were badly handled by the reconstructionists.

The "bloody shirt" still flaunts in Missouri, but the Democrats flaunt it. The sole appeal made by the party is to the Confederate tradition on the basis of a Republican wrong which Republicans themselves righted in 1872. A ridiculous and apparently corrupt administration during the past four years mustn't count with the Democratic faithful. They must vote the ticket put up by the same crowd that put up the present administration, solely because something done by the other party more than a quarter of a century ago is recalled to their minds. Because of Rodman and Drake, thirty years ago, the contemporary Democracy must vote for a ticket put up by lobbyists Phelps and Carroll, barnacle Seibert, and the dark-lantern society of office-holders throughout the State.

The mere name Democracy is relied upon to elect men who have stood in with everything the party platform declares against. The State Democratic candidates hobnob with lobbyists, dicker with the Railway, School Book, Baking Powder and other trusts, pair with Hanna on imperialism and expansion, admit that the divine ratio doesn't amount to anything, and if it did the Democrats couldn't do anything with the Senate safely Republican. The crowd that put up the present Democratic State ticket and the men on the ticket are opposed to every tenet in the

Chicago and Kansas City platforms, and yet they ask the true believers in those platforms to vote for them.

The crowd in question has the nerve to claim credit for the reduction of the State debt, when the plain fact is that the Democratic administrations simply could not help themselves. The wiping out of the State debt is provided for by the State Constitution, which cannot be evaded, and the State Constitution is not a Democratic production.

The crowd that bawls for the independence of the Filipino is the crowd that defrauds St. Louis and Kansas City of Home Rule. The crowd that nominated Dockery is the same old crowd that nominated Stephens, except that Dockery was nominated with the aid of some of the State's most conspicuous gold bugs. But all this record of duplicity, of mismanagement, of trust favoritism, of violated home rule, of lobbyist control of the party, of scandal great and small, is expected to have no weight with the Democratic hosts of Missouri. They are expected to swallow it all and look pleasant. They are told it's Democratic and they are expected to have a Christian Scientist's faith that the nastiness of the mess is a mere delusion.

Democrats are told that to elect Mr. Bryan they must elect the State ticket, when the latter proposition is utterly false. The believers in Mr. Bryan, if they have any brain at all, must know that the men in control of the Democratic party in Missouri are not in sympathy with Mr. Bryan in any one of his professions. There is not a sincere silverite or a sincere anti-imperialist on the Missouri Democratic State ticket—unless it be the candidate for Railroad Commissioner. There are no sincere silverites or anti-imperialists in the crowd that control the Missouri Democratic machine. The whole pack of them are for anything that they think will serve to delude the regular Democracy into keeping the pack in power.

The only thing to which the Democratic camelists appeal is the fetichism of Democracy in Missouri. They hark back to things thirty years old, in a campaign in which the candidate they are most afraid of, Mr. Flory, is hardly old enough to remember the things complained of. The vast majority of the men who will vote at the coming election in Missouri remember nothing of what was done in this State between 1861 and 1873. Yet these men are supposed to indorse with their votes the things done by Stephens and Stone and Phelps and all the rest of the crowd because of the things that Republicans did when the voters were small boys, or when a large percentage of the voters were not even born. The man who was born in 1873 is now twenty-seven years old, has been a voter six years! What does the thing that happened between '61 and '73 mean to him? Nothing. It means, practically, nothing to anybody except the fellows who are using it to keep alive the old war-feeling in order to elect themselves to office.

The thing that matters to the modern Missourian not looking for office, is, that the State has been too long in the hands of "the same old gang." The thing that matters is that the nominations in the Democratic party for the last twenty years have been fixed by "the same old gang at Jefferson City." The thing that matters is that the crowd that controls the State Democracy is a crowd of fakers, not one of whom actually believes in the things the party stands for. The party bosses are not Bryanites, nor silverites, nor anti-imperialists, nor anti-trustites, nor anti-lobbyists. They are Democrats for office only. They denounce trusts and lobbyists and then accept favors from them. They "holler" for anything that they think will fool the people. They combine to keep the State press from saying anything except what they approve. They stifle information and they duplicate lies for consumption by their followers. They have a machine that makes nominations before conventions meet. The machine is

built upon patronage in every city and county and its operations are covered up by the rural press.

To all this, say these fakers and confidence men: "Look at what the Republicans did thirty years ago!"

The Democrats of Missouri might as well be expected to vote the ticket, because Charles II. had Cromwell's bones dug up and his head exposed. They might as well be expected to vote for Dockery, because Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. They might as well be expected to vote for Sam Cook or Ed. Crow, because Alexander defeated the Persians. The theory is, that the Democrats of Missouri will stand by anything or anybody bearing the name, just as a few Jacobites still hold annual meetings in London to do honor to the Stuarts as rightful rulers of England. The Democrats of Missouri are, by their own leaders, estimated as those "who never learn anything and never forget anything," and who are easily fooled by the old shibboleths of the days that are no more. In other words, the bosses of the Missouri Democracy play the rank-and-file for fools.

The people of Missouri may not be such fools as they look. They may vote for Bryan, but against the State gang. They are sick of Stephens and his crowd, which is Dockery's crowd. They know how Stone and Stephens have fooled them in the matter of the fight against corporations and trusts. They know that the leaders are for Bryan, only to the extent of helping themselves into office. They know that the things that happened thirty years ago are dead issues, resurrected only to get votes by prejudice that cannot be gotten by reason. The party fetich is not as powerful as it was. There are too many young men to whom the fetich means nothing. It is, therefore, within the range of possibilities that Mr. Bryan may carry Missouri by the old Democratic majority, while the Democratic State gang may be snowed under. And if the Democratic State gang be once snowed under, good and deep, it will be the best thing that ever happened to Missouri.

The Democratic crowd that has been in power for so long in this State has never done a single thing for the State. The State debt has been reduced because the crowd in power could not help it. The State's business and population have increased in spite of Democratic bossism, in spite of all sorts of legislation designed to cripple business here, and to keep outside business away, in spite of a steady piling up of patronage, and the performance of practically no State work. The Democrats in office have done nothing but create offices and expand the salary lists. They have fought business at every turn, except during the Francis administration. They have hobbled the greater cities of the State in their growth. The Democracy of Missouri, by which is meant the machine, has done nothing but provide "pap" for the members thereof.

It is time that the Democratic people of Missouri should turn down the close corporation that has run the State and the party solely with a view to holding the offices for themselves, and getting in on the ground floor on deals with corporations and trusts in the Legislature. It is time for the Democratic people to turn down Stephens, Stone, Seibert, Phelps, Carroll, and the other oligarchs who make the tickets, apportion the offices, and monopolize the Legislative spoils.

Little.

*** **GLOBE-DEMOCRAT AND GANG.**

SUCH IS THE COMBINATION REFORM WILL HAVE TO BEAT.

UP to date the only protest against an independent, reform movement in St. Louis has come from the *Globe-Democrat*. The *Globe-Democrat* is for Ziegenhein and Ziegenheinism, first, last, and all the time. This circumstance is the greatest extant example of the power of matter over mind. But the reform movement will go on in spite of the *Globe Democrat*, Ziegenhein, and the salary-grabbing gang at the City Hall.

The reform movement is not a Democratic movement in any sense. It is a movement for good men in office, to give the city good government. It is a movement to improve the city, to pave, sweep and sprinkle the streets and clean the alleys, and extend the sewer-system, and give the

city clear water, and prevent boodling, and secure funds to do all these things, and to do these things economically. If the *Globe-Democrat* is so strong that it can afford to disapprove of the proposition to improve and beautify the city, and invite capital here, and stimulate local capital to more extensive utilization of itself, well and good. The *Globe-Democrat* may be satisfied with the present municipal conditions, but no other local institution is so satisfied.

There is no intelligent business, professional, or laboring man who does not know that St. Louis would be a greater and better city in every way if it were not for the miserable management of its affairs by the present city administration. Everyone knows that the Democratic State machine has grabbed city funds without the consent of the people of the city, but the extent of that grabbing does not measure, by a great deal, the extent of the deficit which confronts the community. The trouble is, that the city is crippled by the grabbings of both the Democratic and Republican machines. Both gangs are after salaries, and they get them. Neither gang gives the community any service. The taxes of the people are eaten up, and no work is done. Even contractors are given no chance to steal on work. If the Democratic State machine should also capture the City of St. Louis and organize the government thereof, as it has organized the police force, into a political club, the looting would be greater, because concentrated and systematized.

To prevent the transfer of the city government from Mr. Ziegenhein to Mr. Hawes, the reform movement is projected. If there be no independent movement in the next municipal election, the Jefferson Club ticket will win, because nothing on earth would induce St. Louisans to re-elect Mayor Ziegenhein, or the nominee of his machine. The present local administration has made the name Republican odious. No machine Republican can be elected. Therefore, when the *Globe-Democrat* opposes a movement to prevent our falling, in a political sense, "out of the frying pan into the fire," it declares that it prefers a Jefferson Club victory to an independent success. The *Globe-Democrat* believes in partisan government at its worst, and if it can't have its own partisanship it chooses the opposition partisanship. The *Globe-Democrat* prefers political to business government. It prefers spoilsism to a merit system of appointment. It prefers vile streets, foul alleys, bad water to better public service generally, if the latter be rendered by men who are not party "pluggers." The great paper that formerly never hesitated to bolt bad men on the Republican ticket, now accepts anything labeled Republican as all right. And the great paper in question knows that National political issues have nothing whatever to do with municipal government. The *Globe-Democrat* howls about the iniquities of the Democratic machine, and yet it "knocks" a movement that is primarily designed, in view of the certainty of repudiation of the Republican machine, to prevent the accession to full municipal power of the *Globe-Democrat's* "black beast"—the Jefferson Club. One would imagine, knowing the state of public feeling towards the present municipal administration, that the *Globe-Democrat* was in league with the Jefferson Club to prevent an independent movement from succeeding. The *Globe-Democrat* wants gang rule in any event. It doesn't care particularly what name the gang wears.

As a suspicious circumstance tending to prove the paper's sympathy with gangs, it is pointed out that the *Globe-Democrat's* opposition to the election of James J. Butler to Congress has been silenced. The paper started to ridicule Mr. Butler by calling on the *Republic* to say something in his behalf. The *Republic* retaliated by calling on the *Globe-Democrat* to say something in defense of the Transit Company connections of the Republican candidate, Mr. Horton. The *Globe-Democrat* shut up at once. Now everybody knows that the election of Mr. Horton to Congress is not really desired by the Transit Company, or the other franchise-holding corporations. It stands to reason that if Mr. Horton be a franchise-corporation man, he is more useful to them in the place he now holds in the City Council, and with two years of office to run, than he ever can be in Congress. The influence that nominated Mr.

Horton was the Republican gang influence directed by the general manager of the street-railway monopoly.

Those people who understand the local, political situation know that the members of the Republican gang that nominated Mr. Horton are secretly working for the election of Mr. Butler. This seems to be going on with the consent of the Transit Company bosses in the Republican party, and the *Globe-Democrat*, as a true party organ, is keeping silent about the party's nominee for Congress, and thereby aiding the scheme to elect Mr. Butler. If the Republican gang will elect Mr. Butler, the Butler gang will reciprocate next spring and help elect the candidates of the Republican gang, including a Mayor. The gangs are working "in and in," and the *Globe-Democrat's* silence seems to have been entered upon by a sort of agreement with the *Republic*—that neither paper shall touch the subject of the race in the Twelfth District. It is not surprising then that the gangs, working hand in hand, and throttling the press, should be able to make the press squeak out denunciations of reform.

Mr. Edward Butler, by a "bolt," made Ziegenhein Mayor. Ziegenhein will do everything in his power to help Mr. Butler elect his son to Congress. And then the gangs will get together and put up a job to carry the city next spring for a man, or set of men, acceptable to both—if the great and powerful *Globe-Democrat* can only succeed in killing off an independent, reform movement. The *Globe-Democrat* is for Ziegenhein, Baumhoff, Butler and Hawes against all the rest of the community.

The issue in the spring election will be the people against the gangs.

The only way the people can win out is by the nomination of an independent ticket on a platform opposed to everything that tends to keep the gangs in cohesion. The independent movement will win simply by nominating a man or men whose very names will be proof that they cannot be controlled by the chief gangsters, Democratic or Republican.

The interest of every tax-payer, of every man in the city who is not a present or prospective political "grafter" is identified with the election of a Mayor and Council and House of Delegates for the next four years. The holding of the World's Fair renders it imperative that the city should be put in shape to receive the world and impress it favorably. A well governed, cleaned, beautified city to show to the world will mean more business for the merchant, more population, more building, more business concerns started here, more value for property, better rents and more money for everybody. A well governed and well ordered city in 1903 will make St. Louis the third city of the Union in 1910. We cannot have a great and beautiful city when we have an incompetent and contemptible administration. We cannot put the city into presentable shape if we put men of either party machine in office to spend the city's money chiefly in salaries for the gang. The people of St. Louis want the city to make a good showing at the World's Fair. They are willing to put up the money in taxes and to go into large private expenditure to assure such a showing, but they will not be willing to take on added burdens of taxation simply to keep the "push" in power.

The people will not be deluded by the *Globe-Democrat's* plea by innuendo for gang government. They will not be content simply to change one gang for another, for it so happens that the atrocities of both gangs are synchronous. Bad Democratic and bad Republican government are on exhibition locally at the same time. Both forms of badness must be swept away at once. An independent reform movement is the only broom that will do the work.

Are all the people of the city afraid of Ziegenhein, Baumhoff, Butler, Hawes, the Merchants' League Club, the Jefferson Club and the *Globe-Democrat*? Does the aforementioned combination do the thinking for the 575,000 people of St. Louis? When the *Globe-Democrat* speaks for yellow-dogery in municipal politics may no dog bark?

Give the people reform candidates to vote for and we shall see that they will destroy the candidates of both the local machines, no matter how respectable the figureheads

may be. All the people are tired of Ziegenhein, Baumhoff, Butler, Hawes *et al.* They will vote for any man of intelligence, probity and positive character who will accept a nomination under pledge to administer municipal affairs without regard for political machines. The MIRROR has printed the names of some men who might be available as independent nominees for Mayor. Those were the names of men in the main identified with the best interests of St. Louis. They were not all the available candidates, of course, but they were named to typify the sort of a man that was wanted for Mayor. It is unfortunate, indeed, if the great *Globe-Democrat* rejects the suggestion of such local government as would be given us by such men and prefers above them gang government bossed by Ziegenhein, Baumhoff, Butler or Hawes.

W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

The Chinese Situation

THE "alliance" with Russia is not so strange after all. Russia and the United States have ever been more than ordinarily friendly. Russia is generally understood to have had a large share in preventing serious interposition by other European powers in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. Russia, through Siberia, is a very near neighbor of ours. The best thing about the "alliance" is that Russia has come over to our position with regard to China. We have not gone over to her. Besides, Russia's acceptance of our view of the case was most important, in view of Russia's larger immediate interest in China. Russia is nearest of all the Powers to China and her declaration in favor of withdrawal makes it practically certain that the other Powers must, in time, come around. It is understood, of course, that the withdrawal of forces at present contemplated is only a withdrawal from Peking. The armies will not leave China altogether until there is a certainty that there is a Chinese government to maintain order and to guarantee reparation for wrongs to the Representatives of the Powers. So far as concerns the allegation that we are allied with the Power having the most designs upon China, it may be said that that Power was the first to follow our lead and that we could not ignore the Russian agreement solely in order to wait upon England or Germany. It is understood that if a majority of the Powers should believe it wise to retain possession of Peking the Russian agreement with this country will not stand in the way, but the possession of the capital is to be retained only until the firm establishment in authority of the Chinese government. The majority of the Powers have practically pledged themselves to withdraw on the restoration of authority. Japan and England are supposed to be in accord with the policy of letting the Chinese government pull itself together before any farther steps are taken, and this can be best hastened by getting the troops out of Peking. The great difficulty in obtaining the consent of England to this country's suggestions is found in Li Hung Chang. He is also unsatisfactory, it is said, to Germany. England believes Li is a Russophile and therefore, to a great extent, Anglophobe. With Li as negotiator with the Powers, his friendship might give Russia some advantage in the final settlement. Preventing partition would aid Russia, it is said. The Chinese government would have to depend on Russia, and this dependency would enable the Muscovite, after the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway, to swoop down on China without getting too far from a base of supplies. England is afraid of Russia and sees a Russian plot in everything. Neither England nor Germany sees in Li Hung Chang anything but a viceroy. They do not regard him as being, at least at the present time, a plenipotentiary mediator. Germany does not like the prospect of the Kaiser's heroics being reduced to foolish fustian by events, nor does it like to think of the journey of Count von Waldersee turning out to be a wild goose chase. There is no occasion for wonder, therefore, that there has been delay in the acquiescence of Great Britain and Germany in the United States' and Russia's understanding. So far as the undiplomatic person can see, however, the situation is

simply one in which the United States holds the powers to the agreement against partition, stands for peace and the integrity of China and for "the open door." Still the assurances of peace may be not so good as many imagine. Russia agrees to withdraw her troops from New Chwang, but only "if the action of the other Powers be not an obstacle thereto." It may be very easy to pick out action of the other Powers that may be construed as an obstacle to Russian withdrawal. The general reader must not understand that the troops are to be immediately withdrawn from China in any event. The different forces will probably be stationed near the coast. There will be troops of "foreign devils" in China for some time to come. Even if all the Powers come to the terms of the Russo-American agreement there may still be trouble, for there will assuredly be an international commission to settle up the matters of indemnity and arrange for its payment. It is possible, too, that the Chinese government may not be tractable when it sees the bill. Thus far it is not exactly clear in how far Li Hung Chang is in touch with his government. We read of his "endeavoring to the utmost to open up communications with his colleagues." That certainly does not look as if it promises an early settlement. We cannot know what to expect until the government of China is heard from, and that government now seems to be lost in the interior. The United States, however, will probably withdraw from Peking whether other Powers do so or not. If the other Powers insist upon their own settlements with China there must be grave danger of war. The United States has pointed out the way of peace. It will not be this country's fault if, within a short time, the other Powers are at one another's throats.



About the Dull Campaign

THERE never was a Presidential campaign in which public interest is so lukewarm as in the one now in progress. Later, the campaign may liven up, but even that is doubtful. The papers on either side may shriek and groan as they will; the people are not talking politics. The Republicans seem to be pretty sure they will win. The Democrats seem to realize that they have little chance of success. The people who are dissatisfied with both parties see no hope of doing anything, because there are, really, so far as can be seen, no close States in which an independent vote can be effective. There is no street-corner debating of issues. The campaign club is not much in evidence. The campaign slander has not yet made its appearance. The long and short of the situation is, that everybody is "placed" on the issues. There seems to be little or no prospect of changing votes by arguments. Mugwumps generally incline to the support of Mr. McKinley, though a few of the more distinguished of the tribe, like Messrs. Cockran, Schurz and Godkin are for Mr. Bryan. It seems that the parties are in about the same relative positions they were four years ago, as to strength, with the exception that anti-imperialism has added to the gold Democratic defection. It seems, too, that "the flag" is very likely to draw the support of the maiden votes in this campaign. Youth is apt to go with "glory." The "safe" feeling of the Republicans is probably justified in the main, but the trust issue is one that the Hanna management will have to look out for. However the leaders and papers may make a noise about free silver and expansion, the trusts are the paramount issue with those voters who never declare themselves until they do so with their ballot. The workingman, the clerk, the middleman or jobber in the cities and the farmers are deeply interested in the trust question. They see, or think they see, great danger to themselves in business consolidation and they are likely to hold the Republican party responsible therefor, and not without excellent reason. This feeling is confined to no section of the country. It is a feeling that literature and oratory cannot change very easily. The trusts are the great danger to Republicanism and, on that account, the editorials in favor of expansion and the gold standard, in Republican papers, are simply so much wasted energy. The trusts are indefensible to the multitude. Once the defense is undertaken the multitude meets it with the query:

"Then why not government ownership and the whole Socialist programme?" It is hard to meet that objection, and perhaps the Republican orators and editors do well to avoid it, and appeal to what they call unselfish motives of patriotism, the desire for national glory and all that sort of thing. It is not satisfying to the masses of people to be told that trusts are a natural evolution of business. The elect may admit that. But evolution is no argument against the trust-closed factory or the laid-off employe. The people who are "sore" about trusts are not easily reached by argument. And statistics of prosperity they sneer at as showing the prosperity of the few. The very sense of safety among the promoters and financiers in Wall Street is a thing that aggravates the anti-trust sentiment. The trusts will be the issue that will decide a great many of the votes in city and country, simply because the main body of the people feels that Mr. Bryan's course with regard to the colonies would be, if he were elected, not radically different from that of President McKinley. Silver is played out. There is but one chance out of many that the trusts will not defeat the Republicans, and that is the chance that the workingman and salaried man and middleman and farmer will conclude that the election of Mr. Bryan would make for a panic. They may fear that the election of Mr. Bryan would cause more shutting down of factories and letting out of employes, simply because capital is so distrustful of him. It may be that, remembering the assertion of 1896 that Mr. Bryan's election would mean business paralysis, and contrasting it with Mr. Bryan's assertion that his non-election would bring about "the abomination of desolation," and viewing the business records of the four years since then, as justifying, to an extent, the one assertion and stultifying the other, the masses naturally concerned with the continuity of work and wages will conclude that it would be taking too great chances to bring about a change. In other words, if Mr. Bryan's election would make more reductions in output and labor account the so-called working element will not be for his election. The Republicans will find that their protection argument is useful as an offset to the idea of the free Filipino government. What! Would Mr. Bryan bring the cheap Filipino laborer into competition with American labor? And if the Filipino is fit for freedom isn't he fit to admit free to the country that establishes a protectorate over him? This is the imperialist's strong play with the so-called labor vote. It will as much as anything else to offset the anti-Republican effect of the labor vote's opposition to the trusts. Therefore the parties may remain fairly balanced, even admitting the handicap of the trusts on the Administration.



The Fad of Dramatizing Novels

ORIGINAL dramatic art is in eclipse, at least temporarily. The vogue is now for the dramatization of successful novels. We have "Trilby," "Sherlock Holmes," "Quo Vadis," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," "David Harum," "Sapho," the Anthony Hope stories and many others upon the stage as plays. And the prospect is that every successful novel of the near future will be staged as soon as the "hacks" can get to work upon it. It is easy to understand the fashion. The successful novel is widely known. The gossip about it is so much good, free advertising. The theater is anxious to take advantage of that advertising, especially as the great majority of people are always anxious to have visualized for them the characters in novels in which they have been or are intensely interested. They care only for the story. The literary art of a novel has no charm for the many. The higher art of the novel is, generally speaking, lost on the crowd. The intelligence to which the stage appeals is not the intelligence that is captured by a fine novel. A play must, as a rule, be written down to the crowd. It is safe to say that there is no really great literary work that does not suffer by dramatization. Much of Shakespeare, that charms in the study, is lost on the boards, in the opinion of every competent critic. And the dramatization of any great novel necessarily cheapens it and, to a certain extent, vulgarizes it. One need only to appeal to memories of "Trilby,"

"Quo Vadis," or Mr. Henry Miller's version of "The Tale of Two Cities," for proof of the assertion. The general declaration may be made that the new fashion of dramatizing novels, or rather the universal craze for the dramatized novel, is not going to be beneficial to public taste. Any play made out of a novel is almost certain to be a deterioration of the qualities of the novel, unless, of course, the novel has been built originally upon the tawdry lines which render it particularly fit for metamorphosis into a successful drama. What a mockery are the dramatizations of Thackeray, Dickens, Hugo's "Les Misérables," Dumas' "Three Guardsmen," or even the much overrated "Trilby." The great novel loses all its subtlety when transformed into a play. The play must be dismally obvious. The finer shades of character are lost in the concession to the demand for emphasis and the hackneyed necessities of situations. The fine novel is a work of art. The play made over from such a novel must be nothing but a piece of perfunctory stage-carpentry. The good novel is an artistic whole. The play made out of it is a thing of shreds and patches. A novel has to be "adapted" to narrow demands and necessities. The play made out of a novel must eliminate all that which makes the novel charming, its appeal to the reader's sense of its value as a criticism of life. The scope of a novel is circumscribed in a play. These things are so true that they scarcely need demonstration, and, aside from the fact that there is money in the presentation of a play based upon a story with which the public is familiar, there is no exalted reason for the vogue. It is, of course, true that the novelist likes the sort of glory and fame that comes to the playwright. It is more palpable and tangible than the honor that comes from a literary success. The sight of audiences delighted with one's own creations, though the delight be of the lower order, is much more gratifying than the mere figures of the circulation of a story. The novelist doesn't see the people enjoying his novel. He can see and hear them enjoying the play. The fact is, that the most successfully dramatized novels have been, as a writer in *Literature* remarks, indifferent or bad novels. The play from a novel that succeeds is the play that is based on "a novel hinging on a particular kind of false sentimentalism." That is the secret of "Camille." It is, in fact, the secret of "Trilby." It explains "East Lynn" and "Sapho." The bad but popular romance makes a bad but popular play. The great novel or the good novel is devitalized when turned into a play. Of course it is possible that a great novel might be turned into a great play, if the transformation were done by a great dramatist, as Shakespeare turned Boccaccio into fine plays, or as Marlowe made a great tragedy out of the old story of Dr. Faustus. The metamorphosis of a novel into a play, nowadays, is mostly hack work. It is done because the characters are familiar to the people, and the people will clothe the character, however baldly or conventionally presented, with the attributes given them by all the subtleties of the novelist's descriptions and details. The materials for the play are picked out of their context in the novel, and patched together in a deceptive sort of automatism. There is no art, no genius, and little but a very ordinary talent, in turning a novel into a play. The playwright's conception of a character is never quite the novelist's conception, and if the novelist do the adaptation himself, he is hampered by the necessity of adjusting his original conception to the requirements of an art that is not exactly alien, but of an inferior order. The novelist, in brief, may succeed by writing for himself, and in obedience to no impulse but a desire to present "a criticism of life" as he sees it, while the playwright must present his pictures as the other man, and a man, broadly speaking, of a low average of intelligence, likes to see it. The fine shadings must be abandoned. The delicate tints and tones must be abandoned. The fibre of the work must be coarsened. The work is essentially not a work of creation, but of mutilation. This being the case, there is not in the whole batch of plays founded on novels, to which we are to be introduced this fall, one work that can for a moment be compared with the productions of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Bronson

Howard, or Mr. Clyde Fitch, and, Lord knows, Mr. Clyde Fitch can write some bad plays. The tendency of the American stage to take up the dramatized novel cannot but be reprobated. It works to lower the stage intellectually, as the fad for adaptations from the French operates to lower the stage morally. It makes the dramatist the veriest literary hack. It puts a damper on dramatic originality. It caters to a lower rather than a higher taste. It is rampantly commercial and unaesthetic, appealing to a lower judgment and setting up lower criteria of excellence. There is put one feature of the craze that can be contemplated with any patience and that is that it is a craze so rampant that it must soon exhaust itself. The harm that is sure to be done cannot be overestimated. The elevation of "situations" over "ideas" is bad for art. The great play makes situations the result of developing ideas. The play made out of a novel is to the art either of the novelist or the playwright what the games of a kindergarten are to the higher culture. To sum up, the play made from the novel is a manifestation of decadence that is certain to injure the art of the novelist and the art of the playwright. It will make men write stage-carpentered novels and prevent the writing of original plays altogether. Therefore let us hope that the fad will pass quickly into oblivion.



Keeping Boys on the Farm

THE census now being tabulated shows the drift of people from the country to the town, and, although there is as an offset to this, a drift of town folks to the suburbs of the great municipalities, this tendency of the ruralists to the city is regarded by social philosophers as pregnant with grave social, economic and political evils. The city calls the young man from the country and not without reason. Rural life has charms, but the city is opportunity. Nine men out of ten at the head of affairs in the great cities were country boys. While it is doubtful that it would be wise to check the drift to the cities, as that drift is the thing which tends to sweeten, purify, and energize city life, there are those who argue that the great majority of the youth who drift city-ward are lost in the great maelstroms and the ruins overbalance the successes. To those people the question of how to keep the boys on the farm is a most important one. The *Farmer's Voice*, published in Chicago, considering the matter, offers a suggestion that would seem to be of great practical value, so far as it goes. The remedy for the drift to the cities lies with the farmers themselves. It was embodied in an old farmer's explanation of how he kept his own boys on the farm. This old farmer's story is worth reproduction. "As soon," he said, "as my boys were old enough to understand that to live means to work and that boys are not born to play all the time I gave them an interest in the farm, the live stock and the produce of both. Each boy was entitled to a certain percentage of the proceeds of the farm each year. The funds each received could be used as he saw fit—place on interest or hoard in the bank or use to further increase his profits on the farm by buying more stock, etc. Each boy had to pay his part of the taxes and bear his proportion of the expenses. In fact, I was one of the boys myself—had no more interest in the farm than my sons. The fact that the boys were interested financially in the farm and knew that its successful management meant their own good lent an inspiration and fascination to our farming which they could not resist—it was the magnet that kept them on the farm. No doubt if we had treated our boys as many farm boys are treated they would have left us—and I believe their desertion would have been justified. The boy who is compelled to peg along year after year, doing as much work and as hard as the hired man who receives \$17 per month, never being given an interest in the farm and its productions, kept oblivious as to the proceeds from the crops and live stock sold, and otherwise penned out of the circle of which he is a member—the boy thus treated will not stay on the farm. Would a sane man expect him to?" This idea certainly is a practical one. The farmer's boy leaves the farm, too often, because he is nothing but a

drudge. The drift to the city would probably stop if the farmer's boy earned money and could go to the city oftener for a brief visit. He would realize that, with his interest in the farm, he was better off than the city clerk in almost every way. The idea put forth by the *Farmer's Voice*, however, does not meet all the requirements of the farmer lad. The farm does not gratify the young man's social cravings. He wants the contact with the world that the city gives. In these days he is educated enough to care for the theater, to desire the companionship of men who are in the swim of active life, to wish for books and music and art. The fast mail train has given the farmer the daily paper. The spread of post office facilities has given him more frequent letters, and books and magazines. All these things increase while they feed his craving for the life of cities. There is no doubt that work on the farm is more exacting in many ways than work in the city and there is less amusement. Rural life is, to a great extent, an obstacle to the natural gregariousness of the young, and with the mails only exciting the farmer lad's curiosity, that passion is very likely to be strong enough to overcome even the sense of importance and independence generated by having a share in the proceeds as well as the drudgery of farm life. It seems probable that there may come, in the near future, an aid to the end of keeping the boys on the farm, in the realization of the objects of the good roads movement. Nothing so serves to keep country people from coming together, from knowing the pleasures of social intercourse, as the bad roads. Make communication easier between farms and farm youths will have more of the delights of company than they have now. They will not be then under such strong impulse to go to the city for companionship. They will find it at home. They will be able to devise enjoyments of the better sort, like to those of the city, and the loneliness which makes the boys, and even the girls, on the farm, restless, will, to a large extent, pass away. Give the country boy money as the city boy has it, and an opportunity to spend it in some way other than in occasional, and not always healthy or moral, excursions into the country town, and he will be much better satisfied. Undoubtedly, the *Farmer's Voice* suggestion is of prime importance, in that its adoption generally would gratify the farmer youth's desire to see and feel and utilize the results of his work, and would, therefore, to a great extent, prevent his yearning for the chance to do something in the city, but the great thing in the cities that attracts boys is the opportunity for social enjoyment that is not found in rural life. The craving for the social pleasures of the city can never be wholly gratified in the country. The idea of being a great man in the city, where greatness receives its reward in public homage, can never be eradicated from the country boy. Nor would it be well that it should be. Since the earliest times the ruralist youth has been, eventually, the great man of the city. His fresh eyes find chances the blase city youth does not see. His fresh energy does work that the city youth leaves to others to do. He builds up the cities and brings into them the healthy leaven they need so much. Abstractly, perhaps, it would be better for the race if there were a greater proportion of boys who never left the country to become contaminated by city vices, to struggle hopelessly, and die defeated or, perhaps, debased, but the nature of man is gregarious, and Nature "knows her business." The loss of young ruralists in the city is, perhaps, not too great a price to pay for the success of so many country boys in the big towns. The law of the survival of the fittest is not to be set aside. The call of the city to the farmer lad is a call to the strife which alone can develop character. Many fail, but many succeed. If the farmer boy never left the farm there would be stagnation both in city and country, and, in course of time, there might possibly come to be some meaning, so far as the American farmer is concerned, in Mr. Markham's poem, "The Man With the Hoe." But the *Farmer's Voice* suggestion is good in that its adoption would tend to make the farmers' sons better fitted for the conditions of city life when the call of the city, "over the hills and far away," becomes irresistible.

The Decline of Poetry

THAT there are now living no great poets is a generally accepted fact, and writers for the magazines are trying to account for that fact. The argument usually put forth in explanation is, that this being the age of science, there is a necessary putting aside of the imagination, which is the essential thing in the highest forms of poetry. In addition to this it is asserted that this is not the age of great faith, or of strong religious convictions, under the influence of which great poetry has been written in the past. Again, it is said that national vitality is not at that height in which the great poetry of Athens, of Rome, of Florence, of England and Germany, was written by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and Schiller. It might be pointed out, too, that America produced the greater part of its best poetic output about the time of our Civil War, although, of course, Poe came before that great national up-stirring. Byron and Shelley and, in a sense, Keats, were stirred by the revolution in the air of their time. Wordsworth and Coleridge were a reaction from the intoxication of the revolt. Tennyson came then to express the optimism of the faith that was to be untrammelled by creed. He sang evolution and the dream of a world in harmony. Browning put more of the stronger fibre into the Tennyson theme, and glorified a rugged humanity, devoting himself to the poetry of character. Tennyson, to a large degree, recanted his optimism in his later years, and in the later "Locksley Hall" his hope was changed into a sort of calm despair of the world's betterment, just as Swinburne, the radical of the early sixties, is, in his more recent verse, more Tory than the Tories themselves. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* declares that "the faiths, the hopes, the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient, or sufficiently definite, excitement, to generate the emotional atmosphere which great poetry requires." This seems to be true. No single good poem has grown out of the Hispano-American war. Only vulgar and platitudinous jingles have sprung from the war with the Transvaal. But it is impossible to develop great poetry from the spectacle of a large man kicking a small boy or a cripple. There was no poetry in Goliath's point of view with regard to David. Mr. Kipling is cited as being, possibly, the poet who comes nearest expressing the prevailing modern emotion. He is cited as the poet of the imperialist idea, and, indeed, if he does not voice that idea or ideal perfectly no other contemporary singer does so, although "The White Man's Burden" and "Adam-Zad," and "The Absent-Minded Beggar," are surely not to be regarded as great poetry. The best thing he has done is "Recessional," and that is a warning against, rather than a plea for, the imperialist idea. It were better, perhaps, to say that Mr. Kipling is more expressive of the spirit of the time in his personification of the machine, as in his stories of ships and locomotives, or in his pantheistic gospel as somewhat subtly expressed in the tales in the "Jungle Books." Kipling seems to have voiced the spiritualistic side of modern materialism, a development which we cannot deny, if we look about us and observe the growth of superstitions with a scientific or pseudo-scientific basis, like Christian science, faith-healing, mind-cure, etc. So, too, Mr. Kipling enforces upon us in his other stories, and in his barrack ballads, the utilitarian idea of the goodness of so-called bad people, a theme, by the way, which first gave "grip" to the earlier stories of Mr. Bret Harte. Mr. Kipling, however, is hardly a poet in the universal sense. At least the great majority of his readers fail to observe any lesson of universal application in either his poems or his tales. The greatest recent poem is, probably, Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," but rating it at its highest, what is it but a pale, thin echo of the episode that is fixed for all time in the masterpiece of the great Florentine? There are little bards innumerable, many of them with a fine grace for phrase and a pretty fancy, but there is no singing to-day that masters the world or that gives any promise of doing so. Perhaps the lack of great poetry is due to the lack of genuine emotion. This an age of great mental activity, but its efforts are designed not to develop the emotions of man, but rather to give him greater physical ease and com-

fort. Just now the world at large is not concerned with beauty. Its god is use. Faiths are changing somewhat, but there is no great Vision Splendid that appeals to the time as a whole. This is a time of disillusionment, and disillusionment does not produce great poetry, though it may and always has produced very good minor poetry. This is not an age of very definite aspirations, and without aspirations there cannot be great poetry. There are many enthusiasms, but they are disunited, as the *Quarterly* reviewer says. The people are cut up into groups of specialized workers or protestants. The poem that pleases one element will displease another. It cannot be expected that in the world of to-day, in which every thinking man is mostly concerned with the results, good or bad, of prevalent movements, there would be singers who could harmonize the discords. Everyone, however, is, in his way, doing what he thinks for the best and from the divergent purposes and intentions there must undoubtedly come some concentrated trend in one direction, some general recognition of some one great idea that shall be the inspiration of the coming century and that will eventually be put forth in song which all will gladly hear and recognize as the utterance of their own hearts. To the charge that science, or the scientific spirit, is the death of poetry the answer is made by a correspondent of the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the realm of the imagination is not restricted by science. The boundary of the known and the unknown has been enlarged not obliterated. The enlargement of knowledge does not encroach upon the ideal. Poetry must still concern itself with the beauty just beyond the known. The world moves so fast there is no time for the meditation out of which poetry must come. The world's movement must be "read, marked and inwardly digested" before the wonderful and multiplying realities of the time can be refined and sublimated into poetry. Poetry rises readily enough to new thoughts and the poetry of the future world will come in all its greatness when the world shall have time for thought instead of for things. The revelations of science serve to remind us that the problems of life are matters for scientific solution, in large measure. Science is gradually giving us a new insight into things and, as Prof. L. W. Smith, of Tabor, Iowa, says, "when science has come so close to all the inmost convictions and aspirations of man there must follow a poetry of science, fuller, richer, more vitalizing than any that has gone before it." Knowledge will never destroy imagination. Truth cannot destroy poetry. The sense of mystery grows deeper the more we come to know. And always man will continue to look to poetry for the expression of something that is beyond the reach of telescope, microscope and the chemical and spectrum analyses. At present science may confuse us with its multifarious revelations, but in the coming time the poet will interpret those revelations in the light of a beauty that shines from without the world and in a strain all the sweeter for knowledge that no matter how far we may advance the outposts of knowledge there will always be aspects of the world and life bearing still "the glory and the freshness of a dream." Poetry is not dead, nor will it be until the mind of man ceases to reach out for the things beyond the material and his heart is as dead as a stone to the mystery, the pity and the glory of the world.

Failure of the Paris Exposition

UNANIMOUS is the verdict of "failure" upon the Paris Exposition. It opened in a state of dismal unreadiness that repelled visitors. The Exposition was not complete until June. The news kept thousands away. The affair has been patronized mostly by Parisians. The English did not go. The Americans have not been as numerous as expected. As Parisian papers say, the later patronage come from parsimonious if not impecunious Germans. The attendance has fallen off instead of increasing. The electric light displays failed. There were few, free outdoor attractions. The night feasts have been infrequent and unsuccessful in effects. There is little music about the place. This contributes a depressing effect of dullness. The prices at the side-shows have been abominably exorbitant, because the proprietors were taxed exorbitantly for

the concessions. The restaurants were run by human wolves, for the reason that they had to charge high prices to a small crowd in order to pay the enormous tax for the privileges. There have been, already, many bankruptcies among the concessionaires. Prices frightened visitors away and made the few fewer. Last week over 50,000,000 of the 65,000,000 tickets issued remained unused. The tickets are going begging at ridiculously reduced rates. The returns of Paris railway companies show that the number of visitors to Paris this July was smaller than in the corresponding month last year. This is indeed a saddening record to those who know the hopes that were built upon the Exposition. It was to save France from Revolution. It was to put France in friendship with the world. It was to glorify the Gaul in all ways. France was to be ever proud of it. Alas! France is disappointed and disgusted. Instead of allaying discontent, the failure of the great show increases it. Loss has made the Parisian bitter. That which was to give prosperity has brought depression. As the show draws to a close this guarantee of the security of the French republic becomes a menace. Around it crop up renewed and re-embittered political, personal, racial and religious hatreds. And the thought that the world smiles, that American and English "pigs" sneer at the fizzle makes the humiliation of France maddening. It were bad enough to fail, but to fail to reach the artistic beauty of the White City at Chicago! To think that the affair has failed because, chiefly, of the absence of the "perfidious" Briton and the shop-keeping Yankee—the two people upon whom of late the Frenchman has vented his most biting scorn! The failure, however, is France's fault altogether. She insulted the United States during the war with Spain. She insulted England over the Boer war. To rank impoliteness she added bad judgment, bad policy and bad management, and the most sordid greed. That greed defeated its object. What condign judgment on the "most æsthetic" Nation! And yet it is too bad that France is so humiliated, that with all her pride this great effort should tend to prove once more that she lacks administrative and constructive ability and is justly ranked with Lord Salisbury's "dying nations."

Uncle Fuller.



BUDDHISM vs. CHRISTIANITY.

THE REAL GREAT STRUGGLE IN THE ORIENT.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

A RECENT cable dispatch announced the departure for this country of several Buddhist missionaries, of the West Hongwanji Temple, in Japan, with the purpose of becoming acquainted with religious conditions in America. This is announced as a beginning of an aggressive movement against Christianity by the Japanese. The Hongwanji sect is known as the sect of "militant Buddhists" and it was mainly instrumental in defeating, recently, the bill which was designed to recognize all religions in Japan as equal before the law. There are signs that the Buddhists of Japan are organizing for an aggressive campaign against the spread of Christianity in that country. If the Buddhists, in order to fight Christianity are to study Christianity, it is simply a counsel of wisdom to assert that it would be well for Christians to know something of Buddhism, especially as the conflict between the two creeds in the East is to be more strenuous than ever, now that the Eastern question has involved all the Powers of the Christian world. Indeed, a study of Buddhism cannot but prove helpful, when it is remembered that some Buddhists claim that Christ incorporated some of the Buddhist philosophy in his own teachings. The story of Buddhism might first be told briefly by way of introduction to the study.

Prince Siddhartha was the son and heir of Siddhodhana, king of Kapilavastu, in Northwestern India. His mother Maya, is spoken of in the sacred books as being "beautiful as the water lily and pure as the lotos." "The king, her husband, honored her for her holiness and the spirit of truth descended upon her," says the same authority. Queen Maya died after giving birth to the son who was to make her famous for all time.

When he was about 35 years old, Siddhartha having received the three signs of the aged man, the sick man and the dead man, at once decided that he would renounce all the pleasures of life, his regal state, the love of his beautiful wife and his beloved son and go forth to preach his gospel and attain Nirvana. The story of the novitiate of Buddha strangely resembles the preparation of Christ for his evangel. While Christ was 40 days fasting in the wilderness Buddha was 49 days and he afterwards remained six years in meditation and in the practice of austerities. Speaking of resemblances again, Sakyamuni had a contest with Mara, the prince of demons, in which he came off victorious, as Christ did in his struggle with the Devil. For a period of 45 years he traveled, continuously preaching his gospel, counting among his disciples kings and persons of royal blood, the sages and philosophers of the day as well as the common people. He achieved a wonderful victory over Hindu Pantheism, his followers succeeding in converting to Buddhism nearly all of the races of Northern Hindustan, where for centuries it entirely supplanted the religions of Zoroastrianism, or fire worship, Brahmanism and Vedantism. It yielded, in the course of time, to the fierce onslaught made on it by the priests of Brahma and the followers, later on, of "the camel-driver of Mecca." But, in the meantime, its "bhikshus" or apostles had gone into Central Asia, Tibet, Assam, Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, China and Japan, in all of which countries it is still strong and vigorous. When driven from Northern India the religion of Shakyamuni found a strong foothold in Ceylon where it is to-day flourishing enough to be able to send out such representatives as the "Anagarika," or monk, Dharmapala, who was a delegate to the World's Parliament of Religions. All this result was initiated by Shakyamuni during his earthly career of 80 years, more than half of the number being spent in evangelical work. The date of his death is supposed to have been about the year 550 B. C. It is estimated that to-day, nearly twenty-five centuries after his birth, his disciples number between 350 and 400 millions. In view of this stupendous fact it should not be difficult to believe that the "Creed of Enlightenment" must have possessed virtues that conduced to this vitality.

In the first place Buddha taught self-reliance. There is no vicarious sufferer, no scape-goat, no mediator. In the first verse of the "Dharmapada" (the oldest of the Buddhist Scriptures) we read: "All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts."

"By oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers; by oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself. No one can purify another." [Gospel of Buddha, page 111]

Not that this self-reliance is to lead one to ignore the example of others. On the contrary, those who seek the "path" are glad to follow the footprints left by the saints and teachers in all ages and of all creeds, for Buddhism is essentially the religion of toleration.

As there is no mediator or savior it naturally follows that there is no Deity in the sense in which other religions teach—as, for example, a personal God. But a higher, broader conception of God, though lacking personality, is that *Bodhi* (meaning Wisdom), or *Sambhodi* (perfect Wisdom), or *Amitabha* (infinite Light), the source of enlightenment, the comprehension of all that is pure, good and true, is understood as being the basis of the cosmic formation—in other words, *God*. And of this *Bodhi* we are part—in him, or it, "we live, and move, and have our being." It is the foundation of all the scientific verities, it is the foundation of religion. "There lives and moves a soul in all things, and that soul is God," and the words of the poet Young most nearly approximate the Buddhist's idea of the "True Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

In one sense of the term the soul is not believed in by the Buddhist. That is, he does not recognize its separate or individual existence in the sense in which St. Paul speaks of it—"there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," (I. Cor. XV., 40). The mentality or thought-processes of each individual, however, most intimately represent soul. Our thoughts, desires, (whether good or bad), our aspirations, (whether right or wrong)—these, of course, are individual and peculiar, and if the term soul is eliminated, this mentality may easily take its

place. The actions of a man's mind, forming "sankharas," constitute his Karma.

Karma is the deed or action and results therefrom. It may be explained from the text, "For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," which is Scripture. In a valuable little pamphlet, entitled, "The Dharma," by Dr. Paul Carus, he thus speaks of Karma:

"While the doing of a deed is transient, its form is permanent. The sight of an object, the thinking of a thought, the performance of an act, all these things pass away, but they leave traces which endure. They are called in Sanskrit, 'Samskaras,' in Pali, 'Sankharas,' meaning 'memory-structures,' 'soul-forms.'"

Dr. Carus proceeds to quote Huxley (Hibbert Lectures, p. 114): "We may justly say that 'Character,' this normal and intellectual essence of a man, does veritably pass over from one fleshly tabernacle to another, and does really transmigrate from generation to generation. In the new-born infant the character of the stock lies latent, and the Ego is little more than a bundle of potentialities. But very early these become actualities; from childhood to age they manifest themselves in dullness or brightness, weakness or strength, viciousness or uprightness; and with each feature modified by confluence with another character, if by nothing else, the character passes on to its incarnation in new bodies." The Indian philosophers called *character*, as thus defined, *Karma*. This indicates the accordance that exists between Buddhism and science. And the Buddhist has nothing that he is unwilling to expose to the most searching light, the Roentgen ray, so to speak of science. Metaphysical as some of its beliefs may appear, they are not mysticisms and there is no occultism in the Religion of Enlightenment.

Nirvana is a peculiar doctrine of Buddhism. It is a Paradisaical condition in which the soul, using the term in the Buddhist sense, of course, is merged with all that is heavenly. Keble has expressed the idea in the well-known lines:

"In the ocean of God's love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above."

The attainment of *Nirvana* is the highest aim of the pious Buddhist. To that object his life is devoted—to so shape his "Samskaras" that his *Karma* may, at each re-incarnation, grow brighter and brighter into the perfect day of that pure realm of bliss, where there are no more births, no more struggles against the evil and where all the previous existences are remembered. It is attainable in this existence, for it is not a place but a condition.

Buddha also dwelt on the transient aspect of life and insisted on the fact that all created things were constantly changing, that nothing was fixed, nothing permanent. The Bible is full of passages pointing to the same truth, and science teaches it as a dogma, so to speak.

If Buddhism is, as some of its opponents assert, the religion of the pessimist, so is Christianity. Both in the Old and New Testaments the world is considered as an evil condition. Jehovah, who at first admired his creation and thought it "very good" soon changed that opinion and deluged it, punishing thereby reasoning and unreasoning animals as well as destroying all vegetation, etc.

But, as a matter of fact, Buddhism is not pessimistic. While it recognizes that evil is inherent in human nature it also teaches the way of escape—a way open to all, and not to a chosen few, or the elect, or the sanctified, but to all.

It inculcates a system of pure ethics, of rewards for well-doing, of punishment for evil, and places the responsibility where it belongs—on the individual.

Of the immortality of the soul the very widest construction of the idea is to be found in the teachings of the Enlightened One. While other creeds imply, if they do not absolutely declare, that the birth of the soul is identical with that of the body, Buddhism, on the other hand, takes the ground of the existence of the soul, or the soul-forms ages before the re-incarnation in the human being. As Wordsworth, in his beautiful sonnet on "Immortality," says:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

So the Buddhist believes.

Buddhism is the religion of *unselfishness*. Its cardinal doctrine is the extinguishment of self. Buddha taught that it was impossible to attain enlightenment until one has learned to kill the self-idea. He says "Happy is he who has overcome all selfishness; happy is he who has attained

peace; happy is he who has found the truth." And again: "Self is a fever; self is a transient vision, a dream; but truth is wholesome, truth is sublime, truth is everlasting."

Finally, Buddhism is the ideal Democracy. It embraces in its outspread arms all creation. It hails every man as brother. It cultivates kindness, humanity, charity, love. It needs no society for the prevention of cruelty to women and children, animals or birds, for that is part of its creed. It has the largest tolerance for all religions, it has never persecuted, never shed the blood of man or beast "for God's sake"—but, on the other hand, has for centuries taught king and peasant, learned and ignorant, the Golden Rule of love and fraternity.

James Irving Crabbe.

WILD INDIGO AND WILD IRIS.

A JAPANESE POEM.

LITTLE Wild Indigo, little Wild Iris,
Dancing the ghost-dance softly and slow,
Moving murmuringly to and fro,
Lightest and slightest of living things
That wear no wings.

Under your lashes a sleeping fire is,
What is the rune that you sing so low—
What is the secret we know not—we
Of the West that be—
That you of the East so surely know,
Little Wild Indigo, little Wild Iris?

Little Wild Indigo's light and bright,
Slim as a reed by the water swayed—
Fine and fair as a daimio's blade,
Dusky-browed as a summer night:
Swift to move as a bird, and slender
With delicate lips and hair like jet,
With silken butterflies thickly set.
All men love her and none befriend her;

None shall see her ashamed or tender,
None shall soften or make afraid—
Death may break her: life shall not bend her.

Little Wild Indigo's light as a bee
Hovering over a tulip-flower:
Soft her steps as a passing shower
Coming and going—
As a fountain falling, a rannel flowing,
A small wind blowing
In snow-piled boughs of a cherry-tree.
Her brows are curved like a waning moon,
Her cheeks are wan as a tulip shows
When the bee has bidden her ope too soon:
Her eyes are night, and her mouth a rose.

But she is a rose that will not stay
The longest hour of the shortest day:
She must dance, and lean to the wind, and sway,
Dance, and wither, and pass away.
They are quick to blossom, and quick to blow
As the passion of man is quick to grow.
They are quick to fade as a man's desire is,
Little Wild Indigo, little Wild Iris.

Black and White.

THE WISE VOTER.

A FABLE.

[FOR THE MIRROR.]

THERE was once a wise voter who could not be fooled by political parties. He knew that a party platform was as false as any other kind of a bulletin, and that a campaign speech was merely a tactful and delicate way of demanding a job from the people. When the orator, with tears in his eyes, would lug in the "spotless flag" and "Union forever" peroration, the wise voter would smile cynically, for he knew that for ready and artistic weeping, a modern campaigner certainly leads the bunch, with Niobe a poor second and the Nile crocodiles out in the heavy going.

At last election day drew near, and the wise voter was perplexed. He did not wish to waste his vote, and having no prejudices, he could not decide on a ticket. So he determined impartially to study the qualifications of the

several crews who wished to ship on the four years' voyage of the Ship of State.

"Now McKinley," he mused, "is a good pilot when the wind's in the right direction, and he is not expected to steer. He can be depended upon not to meddle with the rudder, and that is sometimes a good thing in a pilot. He has great talents as a drifter. But that thieving crew of his would scuttle the ship in a few years. Besides, we can't tow that leaky old Protection barge with all those Trusts in it much longer.

"Bryan, on the other hand, is too energetic. He would wear the rudder out in three months, if he didn't shipwreck us before that. He claims to know his business, but so did the Irishman who applied for a position as pilot, and when asked if he knew the channel, replied that he did—every rock in it. He was employed and immediately proceeded to crash into a rock with a deafening thud. 'There's one of 'em now,' he remarked calmly.

"Besides, this anti-expansion talk don't sound well in a man who is trying to expand forty-five cents into a dollar."

When election day rolled around, the wise voter cast his ballot for the Socialists, remarking that it would do no harm anyway, and that it might jolly the poor devils a little.

Moral. Vote as your grandfather did; believe all that the newspapers say about the other fellow; and above all, don't reason about it. *Clarence E. Miller.*

MARY REYNOLDS.

A CASE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

["The History of Norah S., Being an Episode of Double Personality," by Barry Pain, a bit of fiction from *Black and White*, published in *The MIRROR* of August 2, has drawn from a reader in San Francisco a letter in which he refers to a case of double personality, of undoubted authenticity, occurring in this country, in the first decade of this century. While the story by Mr. Barry Pain may have been founded on fact, for it bears the ear-marks of circumstantiality, the American instance is well substantiated. It is that of Mary Reynolds, and was narrated in *Harper's Magazine*, (No. 120, May 1860) by the Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D., from data partly supplied by relatives and also by memoranda contributed by the subject herself. It will interest St. Louisans to know that the Reynolds family, whose home place was near Meadville, Pa., had representatives in this city. The Mary Reynolds of dual personality was the aunt of the Rev. John V. Reynolds whose wife was sister to Mrs. Sarah B. Collier and of Mrs. Ethan A. Hitchcock of St. Louis. Following is a resume of the Rev. Dr. Plumer's article.]

TOWARDS the close of the last century, William Reynolds, with his family, emigrated from England to America. A member of the Baptist denomination, he was an intimate friend of Robert Hall and other distinguished "Dissenters." Leaving his family in New York, he took his son John, then a lad of fourteen years, and located his home in "the forest primeval." It was in Venango County, in Western Pennsylvania, between Franklin and Titusville—which latter place was then only a settlement made by Jonathan Titus, Mr. Reynolds' nearest neighbor. Having, with the assistance of his son, built a log cabin, Reynolds left the lad to take care of it while he returned to New York to bring the remainder of the family. In four months they were re-united in their Western home. Of this family was a daughter, Mary Reynolds, born in England and a child when brought to America. There was nothing remarkable about her childhood and youth. She possessed an excellent capacity and enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Mr. Reynolds' home was for years a "stopping place" for the pioneer missionaries of what was then the "Far West," so that the family had the advantage, not enjoyed by other frontier families, of associating with education and culture and they seem to have profited thereby. Mary, while not brilliant, seems to have been endowed with an uncommonly well-balanced mind. She became subject to "fits" when she was 18 years old, though no reliable information as to their cause or character is given.

In 1811, when Mary was about 19 years of age, she had an attack of unusual severity. She had taken a book, one Sunday in the spring, and had gone into the field at some distance from the house that she might read in quiet. She was found lying insensible and, being restored to consciousness, was blind and deaf for five or six weeks. When she recovered sight and hearing and was almost restored to her former health, about three months after this attack, came the

first indication of double consciousness. She was found one morning, long after her usual hour for rising, in a profound slumber, from which she awoke after some hours.

In that sleep she lost all recollection of her former life. She knew neither father, mother nor relatives. All her acquired education had passed from her and her knowledge of common, everyday things and of language was precisely that of a new-born infant. The only difference between her condition and that of the babe was that she had the faculty of acquiring knowledge possessed by a mature person and thus rapidly learned the lore of the world into which she had been so strangely re-born.

After remaining in this infantile condition for five weeks, she awoke one morning in her natural state, without the slightest recollection of the lapse into juvenility, and she took up life at the precise point where she had left it when she fell into that slumber from which she had awoke to the new life. The change of the season and the difference that the interval of five weeks had made in the home were wonderful to her, as having occurred in one night.

After the lapse of a few weeks there was a recurrence of the profound slumber and an awakening to the infantile life which she thereupon resumed, her knowledge being limited to what she had acquired during the first five weeks' "term" of the new life.

These alternations from one state to the other continued or fifteen or sixteen years, and only ceased finally when he had attained the age of thirty-five or thirty-six years, leaving her permanently in her second state, in which she remained without change for the last quarter of a century of her life.

In 1836 Miss Reynolds, who was then housekeeper for her nephew, the Rev. John V. Reynolds, D. D., at his request, made a written statement of some of the facts of her remarkable experience. As she was then permanently established in the "second state," having no recollections of the incidents of her normal state, she relied upon the testimony of friends for the circumstances concerning it. She says:

"From the spring of 1811, when the first change occurred, until within eight or ten years, frequently changing from my first to my second, and from my second to my first state, I was more than three-fourths of the time in my second state. There was no regularity as to the length of time that one or the other continued. Sometimes I remained several months, sometimes only a few weeks, or even days, in my second state; but in no instance did I continue more than twenty days in my first state. The transitions from one to the other always took place during sleep. In passing from my second to my first state nothing special was noticeable in the character of my sleep. But in passing from my first to my second state my sleep was so profound that no one could awake me, and it not unfrequently continued eighteen or twenty hours.

"Whatever knowledge I acquired in my second state became familiar to me in that state, and I made such proficiency that I became acquainted with things, and was, in general, as intelligent in that as in my first state.

"My mental sufferings in the near prospect of the transition from either state to the other, but particularly from the first to the second (for I commonly had a presentiment of the change for a short time before it took place,) were very great, for I feared I might never revert so as to know again in this world, as I then knew them, those who were dear to me. My feelings, in this respect, were not unlike those of one about to be separated from loved ones by death. During the earlier stages of my disease I had no idea, while in my second state, of employing my time in anything useful. I cared for nothing but to ramble about, and never tired of walking through the fields and woods. I ate and slept very little. Sometimes, for two or three consecutive days and nights I would neither eat nor sleep. I would often conceive prejudices, without cause, against my best friends. Those feelings, however, began gradually to wear away, and eventually quite disappeared."

Mary Reynolds' two lives were thus entirely separate and the intervention of one or the other apparently made no break in the continuity of either one. The strangest feature of this metamorphosis was that in her normal or "first state" she was quiet and sedate and pensive almost to melancholy, with an intellect sound though rather slow and singularly destitute of the imaginative faculty, while in the abnormal, or second state, she was gay and cheerful, extravagantly fond of society, of fun and practical jokes,

with a lively fancy and a strong propensity for rhyming. Her handwriting was entirely different in the one state to that of the other. In her normal condition Miss Reynolds regarded her dual personality with dread, as a severe affliction of Providence and especially, as she said, because it might lead her to forget her parents and loved ones. Yet in the abnormal state she dreaded the return of the normal condition or personality for quite different reasons. She looked upon it as passing from a bright and joyous into a dull and stupid phase of life!

She then became acquainted with members of the family in both personalities and was especially fond of her brother John, who resided at Meadville, some 30 miles from her home in Venango County. On one occasion, while in her "second state," she rode to Meadville on horseback and visited at the home of a Mrs. Kennedy where she became a guest for several weeks. Among other friendships there she made one with a Miss Nancy Dewey and they occupied the same bedroom. One night they agreed to play a practical joke on John Reynolds, who was boarding at the same house, but when Mary awoke she had changed to her natural state. She, of course, found herself sleeping with a total stranger, in a strange house, and in a town she had never before seen. Miss Dewey spoke of the trick they had agreed on the night before, but Mary knew nothing of it and, being in her shy and reserved state, made no reply. Her companion having heard, no doubt, of Miss Reynolds' peculiarity guessed that something unusual had happened. Going down to breakfast Mary did not know her hostess or her surroundings, until her brother, whom she knew in both states, came in and introduced her anew to his friends. After a further stay of a few days she returned to her home. Soon after she awakened her sister, with whom she was sleeping, and said: "Come, Nancy, it is time to get up and play that trick on John!" When she realized she had come home to what (in her second state) she termed the "Nocturnal Shades" she was much chagrined, for the society of Meadville was much more to her taste in the abnormal state.

One of the peculiarities of the second state was that Mary Reynolds had no sense of personal danger while that condition lasted. Rattlesnakes, wolves and bears abounded in the wild country contiguous to her home and her absolute disregard of the risk she ran from them in her riding in the woods caused her relatives much anxiety. On one occasion she met a bear and ordered it from her path and was about to dismount and drive it away when it retreated growling. She described it afterwards at home as a "great black hog." At another time, in one of her rambles, she saw a rattlesnake and, attracted by its beauty, attempted to capture it. "It ran under a heap of logs. She seized it by the tail just as it was disappearing. Providentially her foot slipped and, to save herself from a fall, she let go of the snake." Thus she appears to have led a "charmed life" while in this abnormal condition.

While in this second state, that is in its earlier phases, soon after falling asleep, she would begin to recite aloud the events of the day just ended, making laughing comments on whatever seemed absurd or comical, and would follow this spoken chronicle with a programme for the next day, which she carried out to the letter, providing she did not, in the meantime, lapse into her first or natural state.

Dr. Plumer's narrative thus far deals with the marvelous instance of double consciousness in Mary Reynolds' case. He enlarges it to give the details of a remarkable dream which the "patient" had after the family had declined to allow her to attend church at Titusville. In this dream a preacher appeared and revived her memory of all the Scripture she had learned in her earlier or first condition, a knowledge which, her biographer declares, remained with her in spite of the fact "that she could not then read, and did not know the Bible from any other book." In this dream, also, she made the acquaintance of a dead sister whom she had not known in life and her description of her was recognized by the family.

The indications of mental unsoundness which characterized the earlier portions of the time which she passed in her second state grew fainter and, at length, wholly disappeared after these changes had ceased, leaving her permanently in her abnormal state. She had then reached her thirty-sixth year, in 1829. She lived for a quarter of a century after this date and during this long period "no one could have discovered in her anything out of the ordinary way, except that she manifested an unusual degree of nervousness, yet not sufficient to attract particular atten-

tion. She was rational, sober, industrious, and gave good evidence of being a sincere Christian. For a number of years she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. For some years she taught school and in that capacity was both useful and acceptable." Her death occurred in January, 1854—and was very sudden, being unattended with any preceding illness. A severe pain in the region of the brain was the only warning and it was followed by death in a few minutes. The author of the biographical sketch takes some pains to lay the facts in the case, "especially before those interested in mental philosophy," and gives some good and obvious reasons to prove that it was a genuine instance of Double Consciousness.

In conclusion, Dr. Plumer gives the opinion, backed by that of his subject, that her abnormal state had its origin in physical disease. He believes that physiologists will connect her phenomenal changes of personality with "the time of life when they began and that of their termination," but adds that the brain was immediately affected. "But," he adds, "the facts, as far as ascertainable now, fail to explain the special features of her case, the two lives covering fifteen years, wholly unconnected with each other, yet each continuous from state to state, and the final settling down into a state of being lasting a quarter of a century, etc." The bearings of the case on the sanative treatment of the insane, on questions of mental science, on questions of conscience or casuistry and on the religious aspect of the matter, he leaves to the thinking world, ready and willing to receive light on any of these important and intricate matters.

THE JEWS AND PALESTINE.

A DREAM OF A RESTORED ZION.

RECENTLY the Zionist Conference was held in London, and the speeches at that gathering have stirred the world into renewed thought of the dream of a restored Zion. Apropos the great gathering, the London *Saturday Review*, of August 18th, contains a leading article, which presents the practically, and even brutally, stated facts concerning the causes of the Zionist movement. The paper admits the existence of a growing tendency in liberal England towards anti-Semitism. Sir Francis Montefiore, at the Conference, warned the delegates that England might not always be the Eldorado of the Jews. English newspapers, he said, were always commenting on the ostentation and love of display of Jews; the agitation against alien immigration was directly aimed at the Jews. The *Saturday Review* thinks it is probable that the world will soon witness, in England, as a result of the suspicion of the working folk against the Russian Jewish immigrant, a formidable anti-Jewish movement, inspired not by religious fanaticism, but by a temper not less remorseless, nor less unreasoning, the temper of imperilled self-interest. It may be interpolated here that there are not wanting, in this country, signs of a growing anti-Semitism, more especially in the so-called humorous papers, for the Jewish jokes therein are almost always given a peculiar sting by the suggestion that the Jew is ignorant, vulgar, and rapacious. This, however, is offset by the fact that the better Jew is always held in high honor. The main inspiration of Zionism is a desire to escape from European tyranny and proscription. The *Saturday Review* article deals solely with the Jewish question as it appeals to Europe, and its terribly frank, cynical view of the matter is at least interesting.

"*Vous êtes des animaux calculant, tachez d'être des animaux pensant*," was the insolent admonition with which Voltaire concluded his account of the Jews in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. There was obvious point in the gibe a century and a half ago, but not the most prejudiced anti-Semite would now dispute the intellectual distinction of the Jewish race. Indeed, the misfortunes of the Jews have largely sprung from their amazing success in the competition of society. Scarcely had the manacles which mediæval superstition bound about the nation been removed than the emancipated Jews pushed to the front in every department of intellectual activity. Jealousy among the educated has co-operated with fanaticism among the ignorant to the disadvantage of the too-successful alien.

"Yet it must be admitted that there are deeper and more respectable causes for the bitterness with which the Jews are nearly everywhere regarded. They accumulate so many distinctive titles to the popular dislike. Aliens in

race, religion, often also in language, linked in an international organization which seems to threaten the interest of every State whose protection they receive, heirs of an ample heritage of calumny, and themselves driven by a malignant necessity to adopt an anti-social attitude in every society which harbors them, the vulgarest and most insolent of parvenus, the most conspicuous representatives of capitalism, money-lenders, pawnbrokers, stockbrokers—the Jews are symbolized to the view of Christendom by all that is most odious, most brazen, and most squalid.

"Zionism is, in part, a protest against this too sweeping and intolerable ignominy. It represents the aspirations of 'the dreamers of the Ghetto.' It is the passionate repudiation by the Jewish conscience of the established role of the modern Jew. Money-making is not the true vocation of Israel; the sacred nation is capable of better things: the prophets did not write in vain. The very magnitude of their sufferings is the pledge of a worthier destiny. Restoration to Palestine symbolizes the recovery of self-respect, the re-attainment of nationhood.

"Considered coolly, from the standpoint of the practical politician, what is to be said of this project, so passionately advocated and so confidently proclaimed? Are 'the tragic issues of an outcast nation' debated to any effect in connection with a proposal to create 'a publicly recognized and legally secured home in Palestine for such Jews as cannot, or will not assimilate' with their surroundings elsewhere? The phrasing of the scheme indicates its best hope of success; for the European nations cannot for ever acquiesce in the presence within them of masses of nominal citizens who 'cannot or will not assimilate' with their surroundings.

"Many Jews can and do enter frankly into the life of the nations to which they are proud to belong. Their Judaism detracts nothing from their good citizenship. They serve the State in a thousand ways, and in the fullest sense of the word are patriots. These men are standing outside Zionism in an attitude half contemptuous, half apprehensive. They are wealthy, and 'it is hard for rich men to enter the kingdom:' they are cultivated, ambitious, clever; what attraction can they find in a scheme which would withdraw them from the easy conditions and large possibilities of European life, and banish them to the comfortless colony of Palestine? Religious enthusiasm, perhaps, would make possible so great a sacrifice; but that is notably absent from the educated section of the Jewish race.

"It is, indeed, worthy of notice that the orators at the Zionist Congress almost wholly abstained from religious appeals. The President did, indeed, speak in his peroration of the Zionist movement as containing 'the elements of a great prospective realization of the reappearance of the people of Israel in the land of their fathers, prophesied in Holy Writ, sung by their poets, and yearned for by the Jewish race,' but the burden of his speech was the practical argument that the establishment of a large number of Jews in Palestine would be a benefit not only to the Jews themselves, but would open up to every country where they resided a prospect of the settlement of the Jewish question. Dr. Max Nordau, with characteristic pessimism, pointed to the signs of growing hostility towards the Jews which are apparent in every European State, and advocated Zionism as a way of escape from threatened destruction. 'Political Zionism'—Mr. Zangwill has observed—'alone can transcend and unite: any religious formula would disturb and disserve. Along this line may all travel to Jerusalem.' But that journey will mean for many Jews great sacrifices of comfort and property. Will any weaker force than that of religious enthusiasm induce them to take so heroic a course? History does not report well of merely political motives for such a purpose.

"The miserable helots who emerge from their sweating dens to acclaim the project of a Return to Palestine as it is displayed to them in the bright colors of the orator's rhetoric have nothing to lose in its failure, and nothing to contribute to its success; but the multitude of thriving Jews, who fill so large a place in European life as bankers, doctors, professors, savants, have all to lose and nothing to gain. Like their ancestors in Babylonia two millenniums and a half ago they will prefer to merge themselves in the luxurious society of the land of exile, rather than endure the hardships of the journey to Jerusalem.

"However, the impatience of the European governments may permit the Zionist experiment to be tried. There are no overwhelming difficulties in the way. The

European concert might wring from the Sultan the lease of Palestine, and guarantee the integrity of the new Jewish State. The great Jewish financiers can certainly provide the requisite funds vast though the amount would be; and the Jews have never been lacking in political ability: but the experiment once started, the difficulties will rapidly accumulate. The area of Palestine is limited and the soil mostly infertile: there would be little commerce among a community of poverty-stricken agriculturists: the too-familiar agrarian difficulties of Europe would speedily make their appearance: and if 'the vast majority of the Jewish nation' were to fulfil Mr. Secretary Marmorek's expectations, the question of overcrowding could not be long deferred. Political institutions would be difficult to establish and more difficult to work in a heterogeneous community of semi-savage Jews, speaking divers languages, with variant customs; social order would be hard to maintain. The new colonists would have to be *adscripti glebæ* if their domestic hardships were not once more to create a new Diaspora. History provides no precedent for so vast a venture: there are, perhaps, some people—both Jews and Christians—who would find in prophecy a sufficient substitute for history; but statesmen are little likely to be influenced by arguments drawn from that source: and Zionism will remain a 'dream of the Ghetto,' until it can justify itself to the political intelligence of Europe.

"The Jewish question—as we have said—has its roots elsewhere than in the misery of the Jews. Let the 'unassimilated' Jews be taken away, and the rock of offence will remain. The envy of the baser sort of socialist and the malignant suspicion of the fanatic are provoked less by the admitted faults of the persecuted race than by its energy, wealth, ability, success—the marks and consequences of good citizenship. The most that could be effected by the largest colonization scheme of which the case admits, would be the removal of some causes of social friction from the great European cities, and, possibly, the gift of a healthier and worthier existence to the colonists themselves in the huge international Ghetto of Palestine. This is in itself worth trying for, but it hardly matches the glowing language of the Zionist orators, or could be reckoned a satisfaction of the Zionist hopes. It certainly would not get rid of the Jewish question."

As a postscript to the *Saturday Review* article, it may be observed that, despite some manifestations of the *Judenhetze* in this country, the Zionist movement will never gather much strength on this side of the water. The prosperous are never reformers. The educated American Jew believes in assimilation in the United States. He raises his voice against all separatist tendencies and, consequently, against the supreme separatism of a Jewish colony in Palestine. A few American Jewish leaders are for Zionism, but they are for it in behalf of European Jews and not for those in this country. And without the co-operation of the American Jews, Zionism must fail.

SATAN'S SUGGESTION.

A MACABRE TRAGEDY OF TWINS.

WHEN we were aged five, people used to pat our heads and say, "How beautiful!" And when we were twenty they omitted the caress, but persisted in the remark; so, it is not to be wondered at that we grew indifferent to admiration. As "the Creston twins" we ruled as dual sovereigns, for no one could tell us apart. I had as much of flattery and success as did Louise, but there was always the ugly feeling that she was the superior star to mar my satisfaction. She was sweeter and gentler than I, but, luckily, the world judges by the face, and mine was a replica of hers—the same dark blue eyes, with delicate penciling as to brow and lash; the same scarlet lips and creamy complexions; even our brown hair curled in precisely the same way.

Yates Lorimer asked her to marry him, and she accepted. I was to be maid of honor. I used to walk the floor at night, biting my lip till it bled, to stifle the hysteria that sought relief in laughter. Maid of honor, with Yates Lorimer as the bridegroom! If torture is exquisite, I was to know its joy when I walked up the aisle in the part laid out for me. To think of him marrying another woman, even though she was my sister, was intolerable; to be present seemed impossible. I suffered agony fierce and sharp those weeks. And no one knew. He did not suspect—

happy, careless, unthinking toward all but Louise. Because I was her sister he almost loved me in his selfish generosity; but it was a love more awful to me than his hate would have been. Louise did not dream of what was shriveling my very heart as I helped her select her wedding gown, listened to her happy chatter about her new home and her new life, and smiled when she ran to meet Yates, who came with a look on his face I would have died to win. Nobody knew. I did not waste time trying to convince myself I did not care for him—only fools do that. It was irrational, hopeless, if you like, but he was the only man in the world for me, and always would be. And with this in my mind I still had courage to put on my bridesmaid's gown and banish the sharp lines that had come around my mouth. I take considerable credit to myself for bravery during that dreadful time, though I do not suppose that would count for me now.

Everybody said it was a particularly smart wedding—superb decorations and a swagger crowd—but I do not know. I saw only Yates Lorimer's face as he turned with his wife to walk from the church, and it was so absolutely transfigured that if I had been suddenly stabbed I could not have grown more faint. "Courage!" whispered the best man.

"Poor girl!" said some one else. "She and her sister have always been so inseparable, this is a blow to her." Then I recovered and laughed. I was the gayest of the crowd at the reception, and they said I was more beautiful than the bride, because my cheeks were like roses and my eyes so brilliant. I even laughed as I threw my handful of rice after the two when they ran to the carriage, and I kissed my hand saucily when Yates glanced back from the carriage window. Then I went up to my room and locked the door.

Life goes on grimly one way or another. Louise's new home was near me, but I rarely saw her. She wondered why I treated her brusquely, and it made me angry because she was so unsuspecting of what I was suffering. I longed to take her by the shoulders and, holding her firmly, say: "I love your husband—do you hear?—love him ten times more than you are capable of doing, and he does not know it—he would not care if he did—but I want you to know it. I love him!" Then her blanching and astonished face would somehow have soothed me; but I never did it. Perhaps if I had it would have been easier to bear—it would have destroyed her pleasure in Yates's swift caress when I was there and seeing it—he never passed her without a tender touch or kiss; it would have made her uncomfortable and cold toward him, and he would have felt it. And yet I know—who better?—that nothing could have destroyed their affection for one another nor brought a misunderstanding between them.

One day Louise came running in to see me. She never looked prettier in her life, though she was unusually pale. She flew into my room and threw herself on the couch. "I came out for a walk," she said, "because it is too lovely to stay indoors. How charming you look in that blue gown, Helen! Do you know, I think I must have walked too fast—I feel horribly weak and faint; I—"

She was blue to the lips and stopped with a sudden sharp gasp. I was frightened, for, in spite of all, I had never ceased loving Louise, my twin. Startled, I ran for a glass of water and then I forced brandy between her livid lips. She never recovered consciousness, and died there, almost instantly, in my arms, before I could cry out for help or move from the room.

I stood paralyzed, stunned—five minutes ago she had been blooming, full of life, my Louise, and now! And as I stood there, helpless, aghast, not yet realizing what had happened, the devil put the idea into my brain! If I had been quite myself, master of my faculties, I could never have done it. Hastily I looked around—there was no one in the house but the servants. I closed the door and fastened it, and then, with sobs struggling from between my shut teeth, I did the work. When I finished I stood there clad in the garments Louise had worn into my room—even the tiny gold chain and locket she wore hidden about her neck were transferred to mine—and she lay there, dead, in the pretty blue gown of mine she had admired. I did not stop to think; it was sheer madness nerved me on and helped me to play my ghastly part. And the shrieks with which I called for help were not forced; for who would not have shrieked with terror at accomplishing such a ghastly trick!

Surely, the dead girl was myself, for the long cheval-glass gave back the reflection of Louise standing in the room, with agony on her face, calling for help because Helen lay white and still on the couch. When the servants came running I could only point and tremble; and they ran for assistance, with babbling cries of "Poor Miss Helen! Miss Helen is dead!" as they clattered down the stairs. My brain was on fire.

It is not given to many people to see themselves lying stark and ended. I looked at the dead girl's face curiously; I smoothed her hair and lifted her little white hand—ah! I had nearly been lost, for there was the wedding ring and the diamond circlet guarding it. I slipped them off and put them on; when people came they found me still bending over my sister and talking to myself. Yates hurried in after a time, and coming to me, took me in his arms. "My poor darling!" he said, and carried me out of the room.

That instant my brain cleared—I knew what I had done, and I was glad. I trembled and cried, and he soothed me tenderly. They were tears of joy, and I could shed them while my sister lay dead with but a wall between us—to that depth had I descended! All that I realized was that my deception was perfect, and if I were skillful enough no one need ever know. "Don't, Louise!" Yates begged. "Don't give way so, dearest! It is terrible—Poor Helen! Tell me how it happened."

Even then I did not lose my head. I crept closer to him. "I had just come in," I said, "and we had scarcely spoken, when she grew faint and—it was all over—before I could call anyone. It must have been her heart."

"Yes," he agreed, and led me into the death-chamber again. Hand in hand we stood and looked at her lying there so peacefully. Yates Lorimer gazed into the dead face of his wife, and I held my breath in terror. There were tears in his eyes, but they were not those of anguish. "Poor little Helen, my sister?" he said, softly, and, bending, kissed her forehead. And that was his farewell to the woman he had loved madly with the one love of his life—and I stood there with clenched hands and did not tell him! Surely, I did not have the power to do all I had done that afternoon unaided—Satan himself must have stood by and prompted me. Not once did I get confused. From the minute I had been seized with my idea I was no longer Helen, I was Louise, and Yates was mine. Still striving to comfort me, in his great-hearted gentleness, he took me home.

He was so good to me, so kind and thoughtful in the days which followed, because of the great blow that had fallen upon me, that I had hard work to be sad enough for my part. How could I mourn for Louise when she had had for a year the perfect happiness that was now mine? How could I be doing wrong to take this happiness, now that she no longer claimed it? With a cunning and a cleverness I had not suspected in myself I played my role. So successful was I that I think I grew even gentle and sweet as Louise had been. I could not be otherwise in my life with Yates. Sometimes he would hold me at arm's length and shake his head. "You are changing, Louise," he said once. "There is a strange, new fire and sparkle about you. You are growing more like poor Helen; she was always the gayer of the two. Forgive me, dear," for I had burst into wild weeping. My nerves were not so firm as they had been.

I had my fool's paradise, and I lived in it fiercely, unthinkingly, grudging every minute of it. I dreaded no blow, yet I feared the end of all things. What if Yates should die? Or I? Then I would pace the floor with doubled fists, as I had in those days when I was nerving myself to stand and see Yates Lorimer married to another woman. All lies! He had never been married to anyone but me—and at such moments I would rush in upon him as he sat reading, just to hear his voice and feel it calm my fears.

And Yates was happy, even happier than he had been, I think, because he was more interested. The infinitesimal differences between my character and Louise's piqued him and kept his attention. Yet his happiness was not of the old, quiet order, for at times he was restless and moody. As the weeks went on I began to loose the grip on myself, and the wretched fear of his finding out left me. There were times when I actually believed I was Louise, and again, when I remembered my identity, I took a grim pleasure in my talent as an actress. One day Yates asked:

"Where is that little brown mole by your ear I always liked?"

I laughed. "You have heard of beauty doctors?" And he was satisfied. Again it was: "Why don't you play Chopin lately?"

"I am tired of Chopin," I answered, carelessly, when, in truth, I could no more play his fairy music than I could have written a symphony. These little danger reefs made my heart beat unpleasantly, and I fancied there was a dawning wonder in his eyes when he looked at me.

Who knows the recesses of the soul? Once he waked, crying wildly, "Louise! Louise!" with a fear and yearning in his voice that were terrible, and when he came to himself and saw me he smiled wanly. "A dream," he said. "Such a dream—I thought you were stretching out your hands to me from a great distance and calling me, and your face—oh, your face was pale with a blinding woe! And I could not come to you!"

I shrank away from him, sick and trembling. Could Louise, away in another world, could she, did she know? And some time I must face her—with all my guilt. How would she look at me? And Yates—for the first time since my living lie began I remembered that some time, somewhere Yates must know, and he would look at me—

I knew every line, every shadow, on the face that some day I must confront, and it poisoned and blighted my happiness and killed my heart and slowly began to kill me. A barrier fell between Yates and me. I shunned him, shuddering, and he was afraid of me; yes, afraid.

It was one evening in the dusk. He came and put his hands on my shoulders. His voice was hollow and his eyes were sombre and burning. "Louise," he said, huskily, "what is it, what is this nameless thing, that has come between us, that is ruining our happiness? I love you, I love you, and yet your presence chills me, your touch frightens me. I yearn for you, and I am afraid of you—I think I must be going mad! Help me, Louise! Louise!"

He staggered, strong man that he was, and stood clutching a chair, with his bewildered gaze still upon me. I do not know how my face looked. I only know a thousand tons were pressing upon my heart and lungs, and my brain was on fire with hysteria. Any relief was better, any crash, any upheaval, than the hideous agony I had been enduring in the weeks since the night of Yates' strange dream. Should I tell him? Louise, far off in the distance, might forgive me. Perhaps even Yates would mercifully veil that look he was to flash on me, the look that had been before me so long, night and day. I grasped at the chance. Then I heard myself speaking in a cold, even voice.

"It is because," I said, with particular pains to speak clearly, "I am not Louise. I am Helen, you know, and it was your Louise who died. I dressed her in my clothes and put on hers. It is very simple."

Then I waited for him to look at me, and I hoped I would drop dead when he did. But the horror in his eyes was of a new kind and he was horribly calm. There was deadly fear in his voice and movement. Gently he put me in a chair and tried to quiet me with soothing words. It flashed over me at once—he thought I had gone insane! I struggled, but I could not help it. I laughed, I shrieked.

"My God!" whispered the man beside me, and hurried out of the room for help. I heard him carefully lock the door behind him. I realized then that my sacrifice, my truth-telling, was unavailing; that he would never believe me when I told him I was not Louise; that I was still doomed to see that look on his face, to hear Louise's reproaches, some time, somewhere.

Perhaps I might endure it when it came, but I knew one thing positively, and that was I was not able to bear thinking about it the rest of my life. There are some trials even the Supreme Being has no right to ask of us weak mortals. And that is why I snatch the little bottle of Indian poison from my bosom, where I have carried it since the night of his dream, and why I sit behind the door Yates locked, waiting for his returning step with the help he has gone for, because he thinks I, his wife, his Louise, have lost my mind.

He would never believe the truth if I reiterated it from now till his death. In a way it is comical.

I have the cork out of the bottle—and there come Yates and some others up the stairs. They are hurrying—hurrying—Poor Yates!—ugh—this stuff is a bitter streak of fire.

Town Topics.

HYGIENE OF THE SHIRT-WAIST.

The St. Louis *Medical Review*, of last week, devotes a whole page to "the shirt-waist man," starting out with a handsome acknowledgment that the reform so widely discussed was originally suggested in the MIRROR. Dr. Hanau W. Loeb, the editor of the *Medical Review*, says that "we are apt to think that dress is governed almost exclusively by style or whims of fashion. While this is quite true, so far as the season's changes are concerned, we must acknowledge a broader influence, which is manifest when we observe the styles or fashions of a few generations. This influence, while not altogether hygienic, is built on such lines, especially as to health, comfort, convenience and adaptability for work.

"Women have adopted many of the features of man's costume, much to their comfort and health. They have appropriated our hats, collars, ties, coats and shirts; they have adopted the broad shoe with expanded sole, and have given up, in great measure at least, the thin, paper-like sole and high French heels of a decade ago. Their walking skirts, short skirts, and rainy-day skirts, are virtually evolutionary results of the trousers which some of them attempted to wear a few years ago. Medical men can readily understand how this might be accomplished by the effacement of the two adjacent pantaloons walls with a corresponding merging of the two cavities into one.

"Exercise of all kinds, golfing, hunting, tennis playing, yachting, and the like, have had a tremendous influence in placing the costume of women upon rational hygienic lines.

"In these matters, strange as it may seem, man is far more conservative, and changes in his costumes are of much less rapid development. A single instance shows this in a most apt way. A collarless man is impossible in polite society, or even in business. The collarless woman has been in and out of style a number of times during the past twenty years.

"So far as the shirt-waist is concerned, it appears that the male contingent is for once going to forget his conservatism, and we may look for a large and goodly multitude of shirt-waist men next summer. Of course the coatless crowd has always been in the majority, for men long ago realized that the coat is an encumbrance to work. As one man puts it: "A coat is only good for one thing—to hold pockets."

"The possibilities of color and texture have much to do with the acceptability of the shirt-waist, and when our substantial citizens realize that they can look dressy in a shirt-waist, they will oppose it no more. No one can deny that the coat does affect the hygienic equation of the individual—it is either too heavy or too light during half the year. It increases perspiration and so conceals its effects that the wearer himself may be entirely saturated without feeling or knowing the necessity for changing his undergarments. It encourages us to make a hot-house plant out of our bodies by too much covering and too little cultivation of our natural protection.

"The shirt waist would in this wise be of tremendous service. Much protection against acute and chronic inflammation of the upper respiratory tract and other affections would result from encouraging the natural resistance which we would develop, and in many other ways our bodily economy

would be improved and kept beyond its present standard."

ELECTRO-FANITIS.

A new first-of-the-century hot weather ailment has whirled into existence. It is electro-fanitis. Perhaps you have got it, as no class is immune. It is a sneezing, coughing cold in the head caused by the germ-laden breezes of the electric fan. It is almost epidemic.

If you are a victim hurry to a physician or drug store and ask for a powerful antiphlogistic remedy, says the *Chicago American*. That is, something to relieve inflammation of the mucous membrane of the head, which is what electro-fanitis is. Unless promptly cured, electro-fanitis may develop into the two other diseases of the same family—tonsillitis and bronchitis.

The victims of the new ailment include bankers, merchants, clerks, stenographers, barbers, and, in fact, every class of people who perform indoor work where electric fans are in operation. Patrons of restaurants upon whose heads the artificial breeze generators are played while they eat, also form a large proportion of the sufferers. Physicians report that the majority of complaints come from barbers, who stand for hours at a time under the whirring fans. Many of their customers are also affected. Among the city officers dozens of cases exist. The most distressing and annoying characteristic of electro-fanitis is that it is never contracted except in the hot weather, and there is nothing more distressing than a summer cold. Being caused by artificial atmospheric conditions, it is much more difficult to cure than an ordinary cold. A physician says of it:

"The principal reason why the air currents produced by electric fans so readily cause inflammation of the mucous membrane of the head is, that the draughts are sudden and easily impress the system of the patient whose vitality has already been lowered by the heat. Then these currents of air are not the fresh waves of ozone which are in circulation outdoors. The artificial breezes are nothing but impure air forced into motion."

ST. LOUIS MANNERS.

In San Francisco *Town Talk* appears a communication from a Missourian anent the actions of a girl at Del Monte, the swell Californian watering place, being characterized by sojourners there as "St. Louis manners." The writer says: I am from St. Louis and was shocked by the words 'St. Louis manners.' I looked up to see at whom the words were flung, and, to my horror, I saw a young woman bowling—but bowling with her back to the nine pins and bending forward to throw the balls between her legs, and scolding her cavalier for not holding her skirts sufficiently high. I asked who she was, and was told she was the youngest daughter of a Judge, and that her mother, now dead, was of a prominent St. Louis family. Now, I wish to enter a protest against such actions being described as 'St. Louis manners,' nor can I believe that they belong to California, either."

The paper to which the letter is addressed replies to the St. Louisans' protest in the following language: "The members of our swagger set will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that they are so far ahead of St. Louis in unconventionality, that it is possible for one of our skirted sex to shock a resident of the Missourian metropolis by such a

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simple act as the one described in the communication. Evidently the man from St. Louis considers it bad form for a young woman to do a contortion act in a hotel bowling court. But the smart set of the enlightened West admires such chic and originality. The boldness of the thing is inspiring, and the novelty of the spectacle of a plump young woman bending herself double with outstretched legs to facilitate the projection of a large ball while her masculine escort elevates her skirts with gallant courtesy, is decidedly alluring to those who have cultivated a taste for the risqué."

All of which prompts the MIRROR to ask whether there is a St. Louis manner or

there are "St. Louis manners?" Can you tell a St. Louisian away from home as you can tell a Philadelphian, by his use of "me" for "my" or as you can tell a New Yorker by his pronunciation of "Houston" as "Howston?"

Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

"I've got the best of the old railway company for once in me loife." "How is that, Pat?" "I've got a return ticket to London, and" (in a whisper) "I ain't coming back."—*Tilt-Bits*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Daisy Aull has returned from Wequetonsing.

Mrs. Eleanor Wyun has returned from Colorado.

Mrs. Maria Johnston, has returned from Europe.

Mrs. E. N. Beach is at her South Haven, Mich., cottage.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster has gone to Stockton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mitchell are at present at Waukesha.

Mrs. Remy N. Poulin has returned from Macatawa Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Lowry have gone to Manitou, Col.

Mrs. E. B. Bowman has returned from the Northern lakes.

Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham has returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McClure are summering at Ute Pass, Colorado.

Misses Blanche and Lillie Woods have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William McMillan, are at Brier Rock, Magnolia Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond are making a tour of Colorado resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNair are now at their cottage at Wequetonsing.

Mrs. E. B. Leigh and her daughter, Miss Lois Lee, have gone to Colorado.

Miss Georgie Hough, a sister of Judge Warwick Hough, is at Avery Beach.

Mrs. John Dryden, of 4367 Morgan street, will return this week from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Mills and family have returned from South Haven, Mich.

Mrs. Thomas Donohue and Miss Donohue have gone to Lake Minnetonka.

Col. and Mrs. C. S. Hills, of Forest Park Terrace, are at Glenwood Springs, Col.

Miss Ada Davis, of Ferguson, is entertaining Miss Katharine Deen, of Mexico, Mo.

Mrs. Minerva Carr, and her daughter, Mrs. Will Nichols, are at South Haven, Mich.

Mrs. Eugene Williams and her son, Mr. Eugene Williams, are at Fisher's Island.

Miss Florence Hayward has been in summering at South Haven, Mich., with her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Stanley and Miss Mae Stanley have returned from their northern tour.

Miss Nellie Hull, of Morgan street, left, the first of the week, for New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Halstead Burnett, who returned last week from Chicago, will leave this week for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mathews, of Russell avenue with their little daughter, are at the Wisconsin Lakes.

Mrs. George Warren Brown and her family have been joined at Wequetonsing by Mr. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knapp and Miss Genevieve Knapp are finishing the season at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kendrick, who were married abroad last June, have returned from their bridal tour.

Mrs. H. B. Louderman and her daughter, Mrs. F. J. Carlisle, are at Maplewood Cottage, Maplewood, N. H.

Mrs. Harry Hodgen, and Mrs. Hodgen, Sr., are visiting Mrs. John Byrne, at her cottage at Ottawa Beach.

Mrs. John C. Jannopoulos and her sister, Miss Maud Stockton, have left Saratoga and gone to the Catskills.

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Gehrung, returned on Saturday from the Northern lake resorts, and a visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rood are at Mackinac Island. Mrs. Rood before marriage was Miss Josephine Norton.

Mrs. Gerald O'Reilly, and her sisters, Mrs. Martin and Miss Florida Reilly, will return this week from Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hoffman, have gone to Evanston, Ill., to visit Mr. Harry Cannon, formerly of this city.

Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey left on Tuesday with Col. and Mrs. Edward Russell, in their private car for Colorado.

Among the late St. Louis arrivals at Narragansett Pier are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Benoist and Miss Marie Scanlon.

Mrs. B. F. Hobart who returned last week from Mackinac, left on Thursday for Atlantic City to join her daughter, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. Lyne S. Metcalfe, Jr., has now gone to Narragansett Pier. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Meier and Mrs. Park von Wedelstadt are also there.

Mrs. George Hines, has just returned from Cape May, where she visited her cousin, Mrs. Di Kearney. She will leave this week for Chicago.

Misses Mimi Berthold and Clara Bain, have left South Haven, Mich., for Sawgatucka, Minn., to visit Mrs. Joan O'F. Delaney at her cottage.

Col. and Mrs. C. G. Warner of Washington Avenue, with their daughters, left Rockport, Mass., the early part of the week, to come home via Montreal.

Mrs. O. W. Bell, who has been summering at Macatawa park, has gone with her father, Mr. R. N. Poulin, to Canada. Mrs. Palmer Clarkson has been with Miss Bell all summer.

Miss Edith Lyle, summering at the Prospect House, at Port Sandfield, Canada, has recently been painfully, but not seriously injured, breaking her ankle, while dancing at a ball.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Vital Garesche, of Blackstone, ave., are entertaining their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent de Messey, of New York. Mrs. de Messey was Miss Marie Garesche.

Mrs. Harry Wilson of Memphis Tenn., and her two sons, Master Sextus and Townsend Wilson, who have been the guests at the Bissell homestead, near the city, left on Saturday for Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso de Figueredo have returned from Pine Orchard, on the Connecticut Coast. They gave up their house at 3665 Cook avenue, and will be located for the winter at 474 McPherson avenue.

Misses Grace and Billee Gilbert have returned from South Haven, Mich. Their mother, Mrs. W. J. Gilbert, will shortly leave South Haven for New York. The two elder Misses Gilbert are still in Europe.

Mr. Clay Pierce, is entertaining a family party at his cottage at Pride's Crossing, Magnolia, Mass. The party is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Arthur Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wentz of Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser will return from their cottage at South Haven about the middle of the month. Their niece, Miss Lotta Luckow, and daughters, Misses Florence and Laurie Kaiser, and Master Francis, returned Saturday last.

Col. and Mrs. Edward Russell, of Mobile Alabama, and Miss Eveline Russell, are stopping at the Planters Hotel, en route to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where they stay during September. They are accompanied by Col. C. S. Clark, of Mobile.

Judge and Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant of Westminster Place, are entertaining their cousins, Mrs. Charles Starling of Greenville, Miss., and her daughters, Misses Antoinette and Mary Starling. Miss Antoinette Starling will enter College at Columbia, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willard Teasdale have sent out cards for the marriage of their sister, Miss Katharine Edith Walsh, to Mr. F. X. Barada, which will take place on September 30th, at their home on Lindell boulevard. At home cards are enclosed for the fourth and fifth Mondays in October, at the Southern Hotel.

Miss Julia O'Neal, who has been all winter with her sister, Mrs. R. H. Shotwell, and during the summer at South Haven, has returned to her home, Florence, Ala. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Piper have also been with Mrs. Shotwell at her South Haven cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Piper have given up their home in Memphis, Tenn., and will reside in St. Louis.

An engagement just announced is that of Rev. Dr. W. E. Garrison and Miss Annie Dye, of Indianapolis, Ind. Dr. Garrison is the son of Dr. J. H. Garrison, and arrived home the early part of the week from Europe. The wedding will take place in October. Dr. Garrison is at present assistant editor of the *Christian Evangelist*, of this city.

Misses Irwin Hayward and Maude Niedringhaus, who have been abroad for six months with Miss Mason, have returned home. Miss Niedringhaus has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Niedringhaus, at their cottage at Jamestown, R. I., and Miss Irwin Hayward has gone to St. Clair Springs, Mich., to be with her sisters, Mrs. Lou Hayward and Mrs. George Niedringhaus. Mrs. Geo. Hayward will join them shortly.

Miss Edith Stuyvesant, of Philadelphia, who has been all summer in Colorado with her family, spent a few days with St. Louis friends last week, en route to her home. On Thursday afternoon Mr. Will J. Thornton gave a handsome luncheon in her honor at the Southern Hotel. On Tuesday afternoon Miss Stuyvesant

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was entertained by a party of friends at the Jockey Club, followed by an evening at the Delmar Garden.

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304 Century Building.
GANG RULE AND MURDER.

Gang rule in St. Louis is murderous. Last Monday evening two policemen were killed and more than a dozen seriously shocked, in communicating with the stations by telephone, owing to the contract of a high voltage electric light wire with the telephone wire. The deaths and injuries are the result of hoodling gang rule in the lighting of the city. The *Republic* states the case succinctly: "Delay after delay in authorizing the letting of a contract, the defeat of some twenty lighting bills one after another, so shortened the time in which the contractor might prepare to carry out his contract that he had to use the utmost speed in stringing his wires and putting up his lamps. The sagging of one of the wires strung in this way resulted in contact with a police telephone wire and in the death of patrolmen." The greater part of the city is in darkness, and, therefore, at the mercy of thugs and thieves, solely because the local legislators wasted months trying to "hold up" lighting companies for a good round sum, originally \$180,000. St. Louisans don't mind the gang holding up the corporations. They don't mind the gang plunging the city in darkness that thieves and burglars and highwaymen may prosper. Perhaps they may mind being killed outright by the results of municipal incompetence and corruption.

Society stationery, in all the new tints, with monograms and crests stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

"I see," said the friend who had been invited to dinner, "that the roast beef is very rare. I really believe you had it cooked that way because you know my fondness for it." "So glad it pleases you," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "but we had no say about it. That's the way the policeman on this beat likes it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyd's—
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones, too.
Ring out the lover's moon,
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pen, and ink!
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

George W. Cable.

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh street.

"HUMPHREY'S CORNER."

"Toy Shirts"

That's what they look like—
Our shirts for the little fellows—
Sizes from 3 to 10 years—
Stiff bosoms with cuffs attached—
You must visit our Children's department to find juvenile novelties—
We have everything that the
New York Shops are showing—

75c for the Shirts

Little enough, isn't it?

F.W. Humphrey
Clothing Co.,

Sellers of
Hackett, Carhart & Co.'s
Fine Clothing,
New York.
Broadway
and
Pine Street.

THE WORLD OF WOMAN.

The gay and giddy society matron who has of late succeeded in monopolizing all the rights and privileges of her sex, to the disadvantage of her unmarried sisters, is hereafter—so says a foreign correspondent—to be obliged to wear a distinguishing mark. It is the latest decree of Dame Fashion that Madame is to place her egret or other hair adornment on the right side, while maids place theirs on the left. Modistes are also following the fashion in regard to the placing of bows, bouquets and other corsage decorations, and it is reported that the arrangement is the rule in high French and English society. Heretofore (says San Francisco *Town Talk*) the only distinguishing mark has been the wedding ring, but on most formal occasions gloves are de rigueur. It has been a weary long while since any degree of staidness or dignity has been expected of the matron; and since the custom, once confined to prominent professionals, of retaining the maiden name and the title Miss, has been taken up by the choir singer, the scribbler and the emancipated club woman until it has come to be entirely devoid of significance, there has arisen a necessity for some measure of guidance in the matter. Fashion's latest decree, however, should not be distasteful to the matron of society. Indeed, it is not unlikely that she had a hand in its issuance. The purpose of the distinguishing mark is, of course, to guide the male biped, and in this fin de siècle period it is the married woman that gets the preponderance of masculine attention. But a distinguishing mark of any kind is unnecessary. Why should a woman care to advertise her single or married state? There is no way of distinguishing a bachelor from a married man, but it is much more important that the married man should wear the badge of his servitude than that the matron should be distinguished by a conspicuous adornment from her single sister. The gay married man occasionally avails himself of the circumstance of his status being unknown to practice cruel deception. If he were branded by law he would be harmless.

Starting with the testimony of Augustin Daly and Bronson Howard, Mary Shaw, in a recent magazine article, maintains that women's influence dominates the stage in this country. Mr. Daly once asserted that the percentage of women in audiences is 85 per cent. Assuming this to be true, women are responsible for the many objectionable plays that have come to the surface lately. While not altogether satisfied with the taste shown by women playgoers, Miss Shaw believes it will improve. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* differs from the actress, however. It says: "If it be true that it is woman's judgment that has regulated the stage during the last twenty-five years there seems to be no basis for this optimism. Woman's judgment has certainly not been improving, if we are to measure it by its theatrical fruits. It would be absurd to say that the American stage is on as high a level to-day as it was twenty-five years ago. However, it appears to us a trifle preposterous to hold that, because women constitute 85 per cent. of the patronage of theatres at the present

time, they exercise upon managers, playwrights, and actors 85 per cent. of the influence which is familiarly known as public opinion. Women tolerate many things of which they do not approve. They endure many things that they cannot help." As a matter of fact, however, (according to the *Dramatic Mirror*) the proportion of women that countenance indecent plays and performances is comparatively small. It is well known that the "spicy" farces produced by our managerial centipede at New York theatres supposed to be respectable are patronized here chiefly by the Tenderloin contingent of women as well as men, while on the road, where their true character is understood, they are regarded as entertainments for "stag" gatherings almost exclusively. Women undoubtedly exercise an important part, if not a vital part, in determining the fate of the better class of plays, but to credit them with the existence of the sort of plays they do not patronize is a rank injustice.

Let me not be misunderstood when I say that women admire most—flesh and blood, (says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.) In this hysterical century end, which finds so many of us men suffering from those strange diseases literaturitis, Parsifalitis and the hyperaestheticism induced by "art," women, thanks to Providence, remain true to nature and the health of the race. The "cleverness"—the "brilliant, cleverness"—of a modern hero is all very well, but, as Beatrice says in the play, give women something different "for working days." "Dullness," on the other hand, is frequently a very excellent dish—the dull man is likely to be an excellent mate. Cleverness and dullness alike are qualities in which we all may be deceived, but a healthy animal admits of no doubt. Nature, the mother of us all, assists our mothers in this * * * My own conclusion is that it is a very inferior kind of woman that would prefer the merely inane small-talk of an ignorant or shallow-pated man to the brilliant cleverness of one able to pour forth incessant showers of good things from a well-stored mind. The possession of a good memory is a very small part of the acquisition of a man of ability, and such possession by no means constitutes cleverness. * * * The mere "flesh and blood" theory won't do without a good deal of qualification. Otherwise it might be contended that a woman would perchance fancy a chimpanzee! There is no doubt, however, that there is a good deal in animal magnetism, but I do not think there ever is any magnetism—animal or otherwise—in the merely well-informed man. We all know the story of the disappointed buyer of a silent parrot. He was assured by the seller that although he could not talk he was a beggar to think.

There are two distinct styles of binding the feet in vogue among the Chinese, (says Guy Morrison Walker, in *Leslie's Weekly*), but the process is the same in both cases, the different results being secured by the way in which the binding is done. The instrument used is a small roll of firm cotton webbing about two and one-half inches wide. This webbing must have no stretch or give to it, and is woven especially for such use. The process is usually begun when the

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girls have reached the age of six or seven years, though in some cases where a particularly dainty pair of "golden lilies," as the Chinese calls these poor deformities, is desired, the binding is begun as early as the third or fourth year. The foot is taken and all the toes except the great toe bent under the instep, which is thus forced up. When this has continued for some time and the foot has become quite pointed in shape and the instep considerably arched, the binding is extended and the heel and toes drawn together, thus preventing the growth of the foot in length. In the style of binding in North China greater pains are taken to preserve the pointed effect, while in southern China the shortness of the foot is so much desired that the pointed effect is almost lost and the feet become mere stumps. The excruciating pain endured by Chinese girls in the process of foot-binding is impossible to describe. Taken young, while the feet are growing, they are bound and wrapped so tightly with the webbing that circulation is almost entirely cut off, and the bandage is left on just as long as possible, often for weeks, for it is a saying that every dressing of the feet loses a mite of daintiness. But the worst of it is that the torture is drawn out through a lifetime, for the binding can never cease. The seams and fissures caused in the feet by their distortion become sore, and often gangrene sets in and carries off the sufferer. In order to prevent this it is customary to powder the feet with saltpetre while binding them, thus literally putting them in pickle to preserve them. The result of this binding is that all the weight of the body in standing is thrown on the heel and the foot loses the power to balance the body. A small-footed woman cannot stand still, but, like one on stilts, she

must constantly be stepping backward or forward to keep her balance.

This, according to a clever man, (in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*) is the day of the plain woman. There was a time, he says, when all the heroines of romance were beautiful—when those ladies had eyes of heaven's own blue, or of a russet brown, or pansy purple, according as the author most affected blondes or brunettes. Moreover, their hair was never a nondescript brown, as so much hair is, but was pure golden or black as night, and their skin was without a blemish, their teeth without a flaw. That's all changed now; regular features are out of fashion and the heroine of to-day has a retrousse nose, a prominent chin, even teeth that project a trifle—any defect, in fact, that will impress the reader as lending character to her face. Beauty went out of fashion, this man says, and his ideas are by no means original, because its owner was usually spoiled by the attention she received, and became capricious and fitful in her moods, and overbearing, and conceited, and many other things that were disagreeable. The plain girl, on the other hand, has grown in favor yearly because she had nothing to rely on for popularity but "winning ways," and these she cultivated assiduously and was always so bright and so ready with clever little stories and so prompt to respond to an invitation to go fishing or bicycle riding or boating, even if it was hot, that she has ousted the beautiful woman almost entirely. This is what the man says, mind you. The truth of the matter seems to women to be that the pretty girl still has a little the best of it, so far as masculine attentions are concerned. The average lord of creation will ask to meet a beautiful woman while he will pass a plain one by without noticing her at all.

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Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street.
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

WILLY AND THE LADY.

(Reprinted by Request.)

Leave the lady, Willy! let the racket rip.
She is going to fool you; you have lost your grip.
Your head is in a muddle, your heart is in a whirl;
Come along with me, Willy; never mind the girl!
Come and have a Man Talk,
Come to those who can talk;
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will pull you through,
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter,
Come and talk the Man Talk; that's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy; let the letter wait;
You'll forget your troubles when you get it straight.
The world is full of women, and the women full of wile,
Come along with me, Willy; we can make you smile!
Come and have a Man Talk,
A rousing black-and-tan talk!
There are plenty there to teach you, and a lot for you to do.
Your head must stop its whirling
Before you go a-girling.
Come and talk the Man Talk; that's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy; the night is good and long,
There's time for beer and 'baccy, time to have a song;
Where the smoke is swirling, sorrow if you can,
Come along with me, Willy; come and be a man!
Come and have a Man Talk,
Come and hear the clan talk!
We've all been through the mill, and we've been broken, too.
We'll advise you confidently,
And break it to you gently.
Come and talk the Man Talk; that's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy; you are rather young.
When the tales are over, when the songs are sung,
When the men have made you, try the girl again!
Come along with me, Willy, you'll be better then.
Come and have a Man Talk,
Forget your girl-divan talk!
You've got to get acquainted with a higher point of view!
Girls are bound to fool you.
We're the ones to school you.
Come and talk the Man Talk; that's the cure for you!

—Gelett Burgess, in the Criterion.

A MAN FOR MAYOR.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Apropos your independent movement, I have a candidate for you—one for whom a "boom" could be created and against whom no objection can be urged save one. I will now name the man and recite his virtues afterwards, reversing the usual order of nominations ending with a climax. The name is *Thomas S. McPheeters*, known as "Tom." Consider the points of his availability. A good citizen, a tax-payer, a business man and a man of business. A gentleman and a Christian of the working sort. A well-known and a popular man—known to all people of the thinking sort—and as well known to the other sorts as any man can be who is not a professional or semi-professional politician. A man respected everywhere and, although a practical Christian, is a genial and companionable man of the world. Old enough to be a candidate for the older generation and young enough to be a young man's candidate. He is not rich enough, to be sure, to pay the expenses of his candidacy, but no one running under the present circumstances as an "independent" will be expected to pay any expenses, if the movement is to be an earnest one.

The one objection to be urged is the possible antagonism of the Irish-Catholic clergy and laity on the ground of his active Protestantism—forgetting, perhaps, that Tom's work has been for the material and social advancement of young men, (and men of all ages of the abandoned class) in connection with their spiritual education—but would not the vote to which I refer go to the Democratic candidate under any circumstances? Moreover, Tom Mc-

Pheeters is a Democrat "by birth and education"—although a reformer by instinct.

If our "prominent" and wealthy citizens who want reform will take up Thomas S. McPheeters in the proper way, he can be elected—but not through half-hearted measures or with tied purse strings. He would run like a race horse. He is a public speaker and could campaign.

This letter is a reply to your demand "Name the Man!"

Yours truly

W. J. B.

St. Louis, August 29th.

POOR ROCKEFELLER.

The wealth of John D. Rockefeller, the head of the oil trust, is growing at a rate incomprehensible to the average mind. He is being submerged in his downpour of riches. He could not dodge the steady, persistent influx of wealth if he wished. Every instant the clock ticks off a second, day and night, Sundays and holidays, he gets more money than the average man earns in a week.

And he is a dyspeptic. He cannot enjoy his wealth. Fine viands are never served to him. He has to content himself with food plainer than that which the day laborer eats. Crackers and milk comprise his chief diet.

He cannot take the time to seek pleasure. He has to work harder than the salaried employe with a big family to support. His anxiety is ceaseless. He is tied down hand and foot by the immensity of his wealth and the incalculable business interests of which he is the guiding spirit. He gives away \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 to some educational institution, but it means less sacrifice to him than it does to the hard-working man who drops a nickle in the hand of a beggar.

J. D. Rockefeller owns 31 per cent. of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This is merely the parent corporation of the innumerable subsidiary companies composing the trust. Each of these companies makes its own profits, and the trust gets its share from the ownership of stock in them.

The trust owns 51 per cent of the stock of all these subsidiary companies, and it has made \$38,000,000 so far this year out of that ownership. The remaining 49 per cent of the stock of the subsidiary companies is owned by John D. Rockefeller outright in addition to his 31 per cent interest in the parent corporation.

His share of the dividends so far declared this year by the parent trust is \$11,980,000. His 49 per cent share of the profits of the subsidiary companies is \$16,510,000, making in all \$28,490,000 that he has received so far this year from his interests in oil.

But this man's wealth is so great that the oil industry, immense as it is, is not large enough to employ his riches. He owns an interest in innumerable railroads, banks, insurance and trust companies, mining corporations and industrial enterprises.

His investments in these corporations will bring his total income this year up to at least \$60,000,000, and perhaps, to \$75,000,000. Based upon \$60,000,000, his daily income for every year of the 365 days in the year is \$164,383, one-fourth of which would be deemed an independent fortune by the average family.—N. Y. Journal.

Diamonds and precious stones remounted in our own factory. Designs and estimates furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

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EXCHANGING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Without in the least disparaging our American educational and social institutions, it cannot be denied that Europe is daily growing more and more democratic and cosmopolitan, and is instituting educational and social reforms which we cannot afford to disregard entirely. Germany, for instance, has long since recognized "Seelengemeinschaft"—community of souls—and established its Pestalozzi-Froebel House in Berlin, thereby providing intellectual and industrial training for all ranks and classes. Berlin's latest trend, however, is cosmopolitan, and provides for an interchange of city and country children. This enables the poorer classes of Berlin, whose means may be inadequate for family outings, to send their children to the country, the lakes and the mountains, by offering similar accommodations in the city to children from such localities, for the same length of time. The society promoting the scheme is of the opinion that there are many families, even of means, who would eagerly avail themselves of the broadening influences of city life for their children did they not lack the time or the opportunity of placing their children where they would be well cared for while in the city. Under the conditions governing the exchange, the children would naturally fare well, as each family would treat its little guests as it would have its own children treated by their hosts. The plan has been favorably received by all classes, and it is to be expanded, so as to make it international, by an exchange of children from foreign lands. In this way the services of French and English tutors and governesses may be dispensed with. The advantages are obvious: better health, broader views, higher ideals and a community of interests, intellectual, industrial and commercial.—September Chautauquan.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS, Via MISSOURI PACIFIC R'Y., and IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE,

To points in the West, Southwest and Southeast, at half-rates (plus \$2 00) for the round trip. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, September 4th and 18th, October 2nd and 16th, November 6th and 20th, and December 4th and 18th, 1900. For full information, land folders, etc., address any agent of above lines, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Didn't follow directions: Indignant patron—"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?" Dr. Quack—"Yes, sir; I never fail when my instructions are followed." Indignant patron—"My son took your medicine for a year and then died." Dr. Quack—"My instructions were not followed; I told him to take it two years."—Tit-Bits.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

IF YOUR MIRROR



Tells you that you are getting thin and run down, (it's been very warm, you know.) don't go to a drug store, drink

Burton Porter

"Red Lion Brand,"

and it will renew your health and vigor, put roses in your cheeks and make you at peace with the world. There's liquid life in every drop.

If your grocer or liquor dealer cannot supply you telephone brewery. Kinloch D 1344; or Bell, Tyler 165 M.

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Mexican and Navajo Blankets, etc.,

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Theodore Roosevelt's Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail, \$2.50; The Science of the Hand, E. H. Allen, \$2.50; The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, Mark Twain, \$1.40; Whilomville Stories, St. Ven Crane, \$1.20; Linnet, Grant Allen, \$1.20; Russia Against India, A. R. Colquhoun, \$1.70; The Datchet Diamonds, Richard Marsh, \$1.20. JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

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advertising account is not too small for us if you are engaged in a legitimate business. We will not accept an account where the prospects of success are wanting. A satisfied customer is the best advertisement. We are not afraid of an idea because it is new. Better get on our monthly mailing list. We are always glad to explain our "follow-up" systems and show how they greatly increase the efficiency of an advertising appropriation.

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A DIAGNOSIS OF ST. LOUIS.

DR. LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Dr. I. N. Love, editor of the *Medical Mirror* of St. Louis, occupant of one knows not how many posts of honor in the more important medical societies, author of many charming literary essays of medical flavor, a brilliant practitioner and an attractive specimen generally of the intellectual *viveur*, is about to leave St. Louis to identify himself with the Post Graduate College in New York City in an important lectureship. Before going, however, Dr. Love was induced to write an article for the *Chronicle*, which was published last Tuesday evening, entitled, a "Diagnosis of St. Louis." It is a rattling and pungent display of clever writing and an excoriation of the town, tempered with kindly sentiment, which must have considerable effect among the *Chronicle's* clientele in pointing out the necessity for a general reformatory shaking up of this community. Some of his views are here quoted:

"There can be no doubt that the climatic and atmospheric conditions which are ever present in St. Louis, as a result of geographical location, more or less tend toward apathy. The individuals in St. Louis, who remain here permanently and are energetic, optimistic and aggressive in their work and in their civic pride, deserve great credit.

"But as a whole St. Louis is afflicted with municipal, political, commercial, social and professional constipation, biliousness and malaria and needs purgation and bitter tonics.

"Viewing the situation from the standpoint of the physician, I believe that there are zymotic agents ever present here and hereabouts that call for pronounced efforts to be overcome. In order to offset these things, I believe the people of this community would do well once or twice, a year to get away from the city, not only with a view to knock up against and get ideas from people from other parts of the world, but with a view to their own best physical good; their mental eye will take a clearer view of things and more optimism, fraternalism, charity and moral and mental vigor will prevail.

"A committee on publicity, composed of the best citizens of the town, representing all the departments of activity, should be organized so as to let the world, beyond a definite line a hundred miles to the Eastern side of the Mississippi River, know St. Louis' place, power and worth.

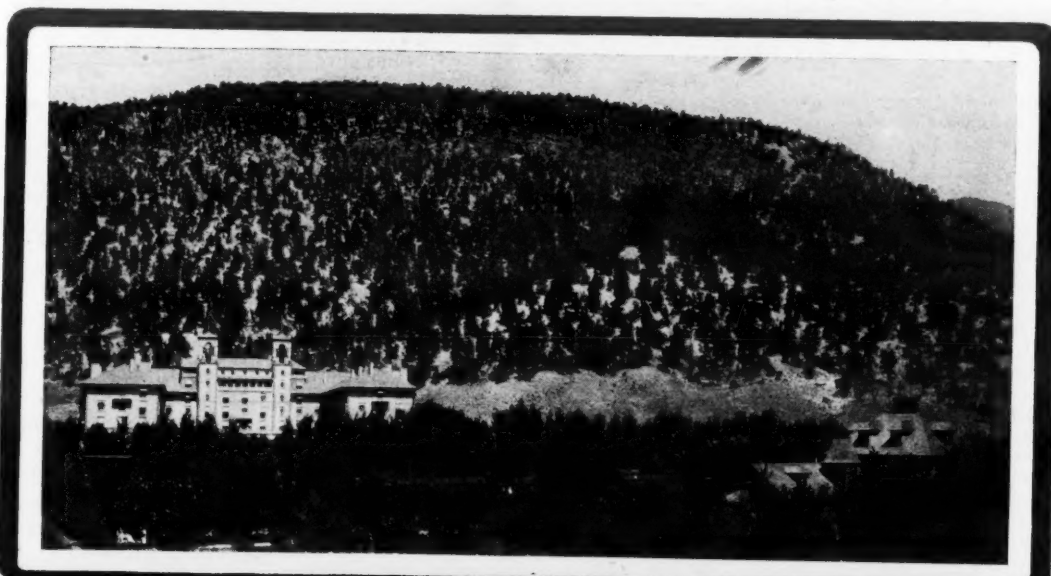
"Twenty-five years ago I remember to have seen it frequently suggested that what St. Louis needed was a number of first-class funerals. We have had the funerals, but either there has not been a sufficient number, or the funeral baked meats were furnished for the wrong households. No, I do not believe that St. Louis needs funerals, but she needs to wake up and realize her possibilities and not depend upon what nature has done for her.

"St. Louis in her present condition discussing a World's Fair, inviting the people of all the world to visit her, reminds me very much of a family afflicted with physical, mental and moral inertia, dire germs and disease, its members *hors du combat*, helpless, festering in their own filth, sending out invitations to their friends to visit them, and flattering themselves that after their guests arrive they will clean up the house and give them a good time."

The whole article is in the vein indicated, with a brightness of thought and clarity of

expression not often met with in newspaper articles. The effect of the article as a whole is that of a smashing "sockdolageristic" indictment of the civic lassitude of this town. As a "farewell address" of a man who has been diversifedly prominent and popular in the community it is unique. But uniqueness is Dr. Love's forte, and the uniqueness is united with a very decided courage.

His uncalled-for apology:—He—"You told your mother I was sorry for having made an idiot of myself at her dinner-party last night—what did she say?" She—"Oh, she said she noticed nothing unusual, George!"—*Tit Bits*.



HOTEL COLORADO, Glenwood Springs, Colorado,

is located in one of the most romantic spots in America. The tourist in search of pleasure, no less than the health seeker, will here find a most inviting resting place. The famous springs, the bathing facilities afforded by the great swimming pool, the luxurious bath establishment, and the unique cave-baths far surpass everything of the kind in America or the Old World. The elevation, the purity of the atmosphere, the springs and the picturesque surroundings, serve to make this an ideal resort. On their tables they serve Faust Blend Coffee exclusively. Other prominent Hotels in the United States where BLANKE'S FAUST BLEND is served are:

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L. S. & M. S. Dining Cars

B. & O. S. W. Dining Cars
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GRAND PACIFIC, Chicago
ABINGTON, Hot Springs, Arkansas
BARTHOLOMEW, New York
COTTON BELT Parlor Cafe Cars
C. R. I. & P. Dining Cars

BROWN PALACE HOTEL, Denver, Colo.
SCHENLEY HOTEL, Pittsburgh
HOTEL COLORADO, Glenwood Sp'gs, Colo.
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Blanke's Faust Blend Coffee

is always fine and always the same. The mixture of coffees which compose this brand are blended by *taste*, not by weight. Mr. C. F. Blanke knows the secret; you will enjoy the results. The best coffee is cheap enough. Poor coffee is dearest—figure the difference per cup in price or in satisfaction.



A 3-lb can, whole, ground or pulverized, of your grocer, \$1.30; or of us, prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains, if he will not supply you. Signature on every can.

C. F. BLANKE & CO., St. Louis, Mo.



A FAREWELL SERMON.

The following farewell sermon is alleged to have been preached to a congregation at Wardner, Idaho:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't believe God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid me my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruit ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of the penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot now come. I go to prepare a

place for you, and 'may the Lord have mercy on your souls.'"

Wedding Invitations—Finest engraving, best material, correct in form. Mermod & Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and Locust.

Eternal remorse: "Any news from local seats of war?" "Yes; Kentucky, St. Louis, New Orleans, Akron and New York City all send word they are very much ashamed of each other."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Fine Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's

AT THE PLAY.

EDDIE FOY AT THE OLYMPIC.

Eddie Foy is popular. In fact, the regard in which he is held by the average audience is remarkable, but no one, after seeing him in his new piece, entitled "A Night in Town" would venture to predict for him increased popularity or added fame by this "legitimate, clean wholesome comedy" (see advertisements.) The new "comedy" is adapted from the Italian, from whom or by whom does not matter as it is almost all dead wood from start to finish. It is filled with vapid, pointless talk with only an amusing line or incident now and then to relieve its deadly dullness. The wily Eddie evidently realized what he was "up against" and did not rely on any possible mirth-creating qualities to be found in the lines or situations given to the cigarette-mad David Scarum, by author or adaptor, but fell back on his old time grotesque make-up and unique methods to live up to the title of "prince of laugh makers," bestowed upon him by his press agent. And the antics of the only Foy certainly did make the Sunday nighters laugh immoderately. A perfect tumult of applause followed his jokes and songs, and after the second act he spoke a few words of thanks to the audience in response to persistent demands for a speech. In the third act the insatiable upper house cried for encores to songs and dances until Mr. Foy was compelled to explain, in apologetic fashion, that being only the second night of the show on any stage, he had no more stuff ready. The new songs and parodies were clever and even more so is the new soubrette, Eva Tanguay by name, who assists him in the interpretation of his specialties. Miss Tanguay is quite worth while, even on a hot September night, and pleased immensely, not only in the specialties, but by her natural charms and hard work, and very nearly if not quite succeeded in making good entertainment out of almost hopeless material. She speaks with unaffected naivete, in an infantile treble, cavorts about most gracefully, and fills alluringly the bright hued bodices she wears. Eddie Foy has a valuable assistant in this most promising young woman, and together, with more specialties, they might make even poor stuff like "A Night in Town" succeed. A word is due Miss May Whiting for some cornet solos, excellently played, and Chas. A. Mason was sometimes amusing in a German dialect part. As for the others—keep your fingers crossed!

"LADY SLAVE" AT THE DELMAR.

"The Lady Slave" moulds itself readily to the Delmar Company and shows all the favorites at their best. Ruth White, in the title part, sings better than she has done at any time during the summer, notwithstanding the fact that the music is written for a soprano voice. Ethel Jackson is in her element as the "Music Hall Queen," and Clark is entertainingly Dan Dalysque in voice and movements. Sloan finds many opportunities in the part of the Sheriff's officer and most of the other principals are well suited to their roles. Carroll Johnson's is the new face at the Delmar this week and his time-honored specialty, introduced in the second act, including "Ma Angeline," goes as well as it did five years ago. The work of the chorus is admirable in this production.

The Lounger.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

One of the great theatrical successes last season was Eleanor Merron's charming rural play, "The Dairy Farm." It ran within one week of a year. Out of this time fourteen weeks were played in New York City and thirteen in Chicago during the hottest weather of the past summer. The story is a pretty and a fascinating one and is laid in the quaint old city of Hurley on the Hudson. The staging of the play is realistic in the scenes of rural life. There is a great variety of characters in the cast, including the Miser, the Village Parson, the old Country Squire, the Village Peddler, his pretty Granddaughter, the Plowboy. This play will be presented at the Olympic next Sunday evening and will be staged with all the original scenery effects that were used in its long runs last season. The tour is under the direction of Mr. James H. Wallick.

At the Standard, this week, Jacobs and Lowry's "Merry Maidens" are attracting good audiences to both matinee and night performances. In the olio are Ford and Dot West, as the waiter and the maid; John Conroy and James J. Lowry, Nellie Hanly, Tom Devine and Minnie Schurtz do some very clever and laughable turns. Next week, Ed. F. Rush's "European Sensation."

The programme at Forest Park Highlands these waning summer days, contains many excellent numbers, one of the best of which is the acrobatic turn of Barre and Jules, a team just over from Europe. They use a combination of single and double horizontal bar and give one of the neatest performances ever seen in that line. The juggling specialty of Ozav and Delmo is another of those acts which only clever men in the business can get up and surround with comic trimmings. Papinta is still in her glory, and Mlle. Troja, the handsome singer, is honored with a return engagement. Polk and Collins' banjo playing always excites astonishment and this season they have several new pieces to offer. Pete Baker's highly entertaining German comedy sketch, and John West's musical eccentricity make up a fine programme. For next week, Col. Hopkins has engaged one of the most expensive acts in vaudeville, that of Hassan Ben Ali and his ten Arabs, who have made a furor in the East. The "Cinderella" moving pictures in the Annex offer ample diversion for the children who flock to the Highlands.

The Delmar Garden will close its gates on Sunday night, September 16th, after its first season, which has proved far more successful than even its most enthusiastic friends predicted. Strikes and other unlooked for events have retarded outdoor amusements in St. Louis this year, yet the Delmar has made a handsome profit and will close a winner. For the closing bill Manager Gumpertz has been requested to present the season's two most artistic successes, each for four days. Beginning next Sunday afternoon, September 9th, "Evangeline" will be revived to run until Wednesday night. On Thursday "The Girl from Paris" will be put on for four days, closing on Sunday, September 16th, when two farewell performances will be given. There will be several changes in the cast, those of note being Miss Jackson's appearance as Evangeline, Mr. Carroll Johnson as the Lone Fisherman, and other minor changes. In "The Girl from Paris" there will also be several changes. It is thought that the closing week may be the record week of the season in view of the fact that both the productions were hits, and many persons have not had a chance to see them.

The season at the Suburban closes with the ending of the week beginning Sunday afternoon, September 9th. Proprietor Jannopoulos has provided an excellent class of attractions this summer and his closing bill will be one of the best of the season. Harding and Ah Sid, grotesque acrobats, Fred Warren and Company and a dozen others will be on the programme.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

One or the Other.—What is an international episode, pa?" "Well, it is either a wedding or a war."—Indianapolis Journal.

MEDICAL DECADENCE.

Maurice L. Johnson writes, to London *Public Opinion*, a letter in which he points out what is called medical decadence among British practitioners. He appeals to the *British Medical Journal* to show that the incapacity of the average physician to evolve and indite a really good prescription free from technical errors, to "the increasing prominence given to the study of pathology and bacteriology, as well as the constant employment in private practice of ready-made preparations of the tablet-class having induced a condition of atrophy of disuse which has blighted their capacity for prescribing." And Dr. William Murrell, in saying that the domain of glandular and serum treatment is the only exception to the statement that no progress has been made in pharmacology and therapeutics during 1899, advances the true explanation of his statement that "a race of men is growing up who know nothing of drugs or their actions, and who are often incapable of prescribing the simplest mixture." The rage for discovering microbes and anti-toxins, both based upon vivisection experiments, has certainly placed the saner medication, based on clinical observation and experience, at a discount, by exciting a thirst for notoriety in the field of bacteriological discovery, and this decadence of therapeutic knowledge in regard to the action of drugs and compatibility in prescribing them, is one of the serious evils resulting therefrom. From the enormous quantities of sera elaborated and exported, it must be a very lucrative system to some of the parties concerned in promoting its employment.

It would seem that there is considerable reason to suspect that like conditions in this country are producing a similar medical decadence. For some years past, the *Medical Brief*, edited and published at St. Louis, has been making war on the "serum fake" as it calls the modern craze, and it is said that there is manifest a disposition upon the part of many able American physicians to admit that the serum science is in danger of being developed in the interest of a business charlatanism. While not many physicians go as far as Dr. Lawrence in condemning the "bacterium bugaboo" in *Brief* broadsides, a great many believe that the serum manufacturers are getting too strong and are working the medical profession to push their wares. The abandonment of drugs is a tendency decidedly in evidence among physicians and it is coincident with the growth of the various pseudo-scientific and pseudo-religious "cures." Dropping drugs was lately considered advanced. It is likely that the experience of the profession will result in bringing drugs once more into vogue. Anyhow, all physicians are interested in the question whether the practice of their honored profession is becoming decadent.

To hide it: Hewitt—"What are you raising whiskers for?" Jewett—"Well, I don't mind telling you that I am wearing a necktie my wife gave me."—Bazar.

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ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Every amateur athlete in town and a good many out of town are glad to know that their favorite sport will be given due cognizance by the annual Exposition which begins September 17.

The Carnival of Games and Sports, commencing September 24 and continuing during the week, will be the biggest meeting of its kind ever held in St. Louis.

Mr. W. S. Risley, himself an enthusiastic amateur athlete, has charge of the entries, disposition of time, and making of programme, and he is daily perfecting arrangements which will make this carnival one long to be remembered by athletic people all over the country. The entries have come in goodly numbers and a crowded field is expected before their close, September 17.

The handicap events will take place during the week of September 24 and are as follows: 50-yard run, 220-yard run, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, one mile run, running broad jump, running hop, step and jump, running high jump, pole vaulting, throwing 56-lb. weight, putting 16-lb. shot.

The following scratch and other events will also be held during the same week: obstacle race, one lap; hurdle race, one lap; rope climbing, 20 feet clear; relay race, four laps; open to team members of any athletic organization, six to enter, four to compete; sack race, 60 yards; boot and shoe race; tug of war; lightweight wrestling, 135 pounds; middleweight wrestling, 158 pounds; heavyweight wrestling, over 158 pounds.

Beautiful and valuable prizes have been selected by the committee for these events a partial list of which is given below:

Fifty-yard run, gold medal, and smoking set; 220-yard run, gold medal and stick pin; 440-yard run, gold medal and chafing dish; 880-yard run, gold medal and opera glasses; one mile run, gold medal and silk umbrella; running broad jump, gold medal and silver shaving set; running hop, step and jump, gold medal and clock; running high jump, gold medal and fob chain; pole vaulting, gold medal and gold link cuff buttons; throwing 56-pound weight, gold medal and solid gold stud; putting 16-pound shot, gold medal and baking dish; obstacle race, soup spoon, and cuff buttons; hurdle race, gold medal and solid silver tea spoons; rope climbing, gold medal and military hair brushes; sack race, knives and forks and glass water pitcher; relay race, silver water pitcher; boot and shoe race, nut bowl and bread plate; tug of war, four steins; middleweight wrestling, table set; heavyweight wrestling, tea set.

The Pentathlon is the crowning event of that week. It consists of five different events. In accordance with the old Greek custom as many as wish can enter the first event, but only a certain number qualify for each succeeding event. In the last event the contest narrows down to two contestants, and handsome prizes will be awarded to the last winners. The events are the hop, step and jump, in which the contestant is given but one trial to make the requisite 38 feet to qualify for the shot put, which is the succeeding event. The four best then qualify in the spear-throwing event.

The Pentathlon was the great feature of the recent Turnfest at Philadelphia, and local Turners are familiar with it. To a large number of local athletes, however, it is entirely new.

During the week of October 15, till the close, will take place the amateur championship events. The college lads are on the qui vive about them. Many handsome prizes will be given to the champions, and the entries will close with Mr. Risley at the Exposition, October 10. The events are: Fifty-yard dash, two hundred and twenty-yard dash, four hundred and forty-yard run, eight hundred and eighty-yard run, one-mile run, forty-yard hurdle, one hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race (10 flights, 3 feet 6 inches high), two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race (10 flights, 2 feet 6 inches high), pole vault, running high jump, running broad jump, throwing 56-pound weight, putting 56-pound weight, putting 16-pound shot.

The entire carnival will be given under the supervision of the western division of the A. A. U. C. H. Vandewater, the official handicapper of the A. A. U., will make all the handicaps, and Tom Aitken will be the official starter.

The carnival will bring to the city amateur athletes from all the surrounding country, who will find it one of the greatest events in the history of amateur athletics in America.

THE DEACON DOOMED.

It is a pleasure to read, as an item of news going the rounds of the press, that there is some hope of getting the method of packing fruit now in general use, modified for the better. It is almost the universal practice now to "deacon" fruits; that is, to pack the best where they will be seen, and the poorest where they will be out of sight. In packing apples, the half bushel at bottom and top is always sure to consist of the best in the barrel. All the rest will not be half so good. In packing peaches and plums, but notably peaches, in small baskets of two layers, the top layer may be larger and attractive, while the one below is knotty, small, and otherwise defective. In Delaware the fruit men have formed an association for mutual protection and have adopted a resolution that all fruits are to be sent to market through selected commission men, and every package is to have a placard with the statement "The contents of this package are guaranteed to be as good all through as on top." In addition to this it will bear the name of the shipper, and a number indicating the person who packed the fruit. In this way we hope that buying fruit will cease to be a lottery, and honest shippers and packers will receive the benefit due them.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Germany is given great credit for its universities and schools, but it is questioned, in view of recent investigations, whether she is not paying too high for her pre-eminence in this respect. The strain upon children in the elementary schools, in particular, is excessive. A writer in a German paper recently made the remarkable statement that during the ten years ending in 1896 not less than four hundred and seven school children, of whom three hundred and thirty-one were boys, committed suicide. 'This in Prussia alone, where the German forcing system in education is fully developed. Without a single exception, it is stated, these children were pupils of elementary schools and schools where professional training is given. As the ordinary workman in Prussia is unable to provide meat or nourishing food in abundance, it is possible that insufficient nourishment combined with a severe demand upon the brain was the chief cause why these children took their lives.

Attention, Tax-Payers

I am now ready to receive payment of CURRENT REVENUE TAX BILLS for 1900.

All persons paying same during the month of September will be allowed a rebate on their CITY TAXES at the rate of 8% per annum.

CHAS. F. WENNEKER,
Collector of the Revenue.

"SUB-SOIL," A VISION.

At midnight I wandered in the graveyard;
The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils;
I heard my heart throb in the audible silence.

As a headlong diver plunging in the ocean
Sees glimmering dimly through the green darkness
The swinging surges pulsating above him;

Sees slimy keels of diligent vessels,
With bubbling wake of pallid foam in furrows,
And the dull shine of sails swollen by tempests;

Sees lidless-eyed monsters leering past him,
And wrecks and drowned men constantly sinking,
While the muffled knell of the surf is tolling;

So I heard the lapse of the mill stream.
Down silently my spirit descended
To the residence of dead men and women.

In an unearthly sepulchral twilight
The grassy firmament was visible,
Freaked with white clouds of motionless daisies.

The ragged roots of the headstones protruded
Uncomfortably from the low ceiling
Of the tortuous, obscure, damp cavern.

Suddenly, from innumerable, eyeless sockets
An unobtrusive, mild glare glowed blue,
Lighting the streets of that benevolent city;

A metropolis with gates always open,
And cheap tenements for God's poor people;
A cheap resort for desolate age in winter.

The neighborhood seemed orderly and quiet,
And from each coffin window a skull grinned
Derisively at life's sardonic satire.

There was a singular sameness of costume
Worn by colonial dames and poor servants,
And no bills sent to embarrassed husbands.

Side by side the spendthrift and the miser,
The virgin and the rejected lover,
The prodigal and the unrelenting father.

Noises there were of feet in vague procession,
And gleams of eyes inquisitively peering
Into the dark they soon or late must tenant.

My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse
Like down of cottonwood before the west wind,
Went through many anonymous avenues.

I heard the sound of deep, perpetual thunder;
Life's flood-tide beating in monotonous pulses
Upon the shore that has no wharf nor roadstead.

Was it reality or vision merely
I saw under ground as my spirit descended
Into the land of the mote and the earth worm?

Was Sophocles right when he said to the Grecians,
The happy are those who have never existed,
And those who, having lived, exist no longer?

John J. Ingalls.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered. "If they do," he exclaimed hotly, "they must be pretty small." And he pressed her still closer to his manly breast.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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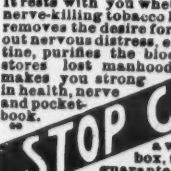
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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	112 -114
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	112 -114
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 -103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. R. G. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.
Total debt about.....\$18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	102 -103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -103
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- - 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	106 -107
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	92 -93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$350	June, '00, 5 SA	200 -205
Boatmen's	100	June '00 3 1/2 SA	185 -190
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	170 -172
Fourth National	100	Nov '00, 5 p.c. SA	205 -210
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	200 -214
Merch.-Laclede	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 qy	150 -154
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1900, 2 1/2 qy	240 -246
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 -166
Third National	100	June 1900, 1 1/2 qy	147 -148

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '09, S.A. 3	145 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '00, 2 1/2 qy	250 -292
St. Louis	100	Apr. '00, 1 1/2 qy	222 -230
Union	100	Nov., '06, 5	230 -235
Mercantile	100		250 -252

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	Oct. '93 4	100 -
Citizens	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1913 116 -118
Comp. Hgts. U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -116 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -100
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -100
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	Apr 00 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
St. Louis	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do 1st 5s 20s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105 1/2
St. L. & Sub.	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1916 116 -117
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1916 91 -93
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
do Incomes 5s	F. & A.	1909 109 -111
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1916 107 -108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
do 1st 10-20s 6s	July '00 1 1/2	67 -68
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	85 -85 1/2
Mound City 10-20s 6s		20 1/2 -21
United Ry's Pfd.		
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	20	Jan. 1900 4 SA	42 -43

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	9 -11
" Pfd.	100	July 1900 1/2	51 -53
Am. Car-Pdry Co	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 -16
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	62 -64
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	128 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July, '97, 1	125 -135
Granite P. B. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	225 -230
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, pfd	100	Aug. 2 SA	73 -75
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison com.	100		51 -53
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	16 -17
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	115 -118
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	139 -141
Simmons do 2d pfd.	100		138 -141
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	June '99 1 1/2 qy	13 1/2 -14 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p.c.	47 -48
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p.c.	43 -44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	July 1900, 7 1/2	180 -181

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,
Bond and Stock Brokers.Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on
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THE STOCK MARKET.

The apathetic feeling in Wall street continues. Brokers are wondering how long the prevailing state of affairs will continue. It is a long time since trading has been so essentially professional and sluggish. Notwithstanding the extreme ease in money rates and the confident opinion that President McKinley will be re-elected, there is no desire on the part of the public or leading financial interests to resume operations on the bull side. An impression prevails in some circles that the floating supply of stocks is very small, but the impression will quickly disappear, when the day of liquidation has at last arrived. Stocks are apparently in small supply, because the pools are holding them and are unable to find a market. The feeding-out process will be very much in evidence, as soon as trading has again assumed broader proportions. The intention of the cliques is quite manifest. It is to work up bullish sentiment among the public, so as to be able to unload.

The elections in Maine and Vermont entered into Wall street calculations in the past week. There is a fear expressed that the Republican majorities will be largely reduced, and that such a result will have a very adverse influence on market values. The fear is probably exaggerated and ill-placed, but it serves to remind the public that we are now in the throes of a presidential campaign, and that there is no valid reason why anybody should be anxious to increase commitments on the long side of the market. The election apprehensions, and the meaning thereof, are well summed up in the following words of a leading financial journal: "Overhanging the future, and overhanging the affairs of every merchant, manufacturer, agriculturist, and, indeed, endangering every man's savings, be it little or much, is the black cyclonic storm-cloud of Bryanism. No one can find a hole deep enough to hide away from its threatenings. Each enterprise and each individual's work and savings are at risk." If the New England elections should be disappointing to the Republicans, the bulls will not find their task a very easy or thankful one.

Railway earnings are still, in the main, satisfactory, but the increased cost of materials and operations is largely reducing the gross gains, or wiping them out altogether. The lately published statements of the Burlington and Jersey Central aptly illustrated the changed condition of affairs. These can be no doubt that traffic is subsidizing, and that very little, if any, gross gain would be recorded by any leading system, but for higher rates, and the strenuous efforts of the various properties to maintain them on a remunerative basis.

The gas war in Chicago furnished suffi-

cient material for the bears to enable them to depress the value of Peoples Gas very materially. The stock succumbed easily and met with very little support. What buying there was seemed to emanate only from the short interest. Predictions are plentiful that the stock will go much lower, but would-be sellers should be careful and not allow themselves to get entangled in the net now being spread by manipulators. Peoples Gas is a very dangerous stock, and the outsider has little chance ever to make any profit in it. Its movements have always been erratic, although, since the collapse of the Flower boom, its course has been distinctly downward. While it is a 6 per cent. dividend-payer, the company earns a rather small surplus above dividend-requirements, and it is within the range of probabilities of the next twelve months that the rate may be reduced to 5 per cent.

Trading is centering in the specialties, including Sugar, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Steel and Peoples Gas shares. The railroad issues are utterly neglected, and price changes almost insignificant. The Wormser crowd made an attempt to infuse some life into Baltimore & Ohio common and Atchison preferred and common, but met with very scant success.

It is believed that the regular dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. will be declared on Sugar certificates. The stock dropped to almost 117, but has since recovered a few points again, mainly on covering of short lines. Late events in the market have amply demonstrated the fact that the specialties are taken in hand, every once in a while, in order to rally the list and prevent successful bear attacks. There is no legitimate basis for the rallies. Anybody that follows the enticing "tips" sent out from Wall street, in reference to securities of this kind, will have good reason to rue it.

Sterling exchange continues to display decided strength, and it is likely that further gold shipments will be made in the next ten days. There are intimations that money will be very stringent in London and Berlin, and that New York is the only place where relief can and will be obtained. Compared with interest rates on the other side of the Atlantic, our money market is abnormally low and a readjustment cannot be prevented. If the bulls can find any grain of comfort in great ease in money rates in New York, they display very little common sense. Money would not be obtainable on such attractive terms, if activity in general business was very pronounced.

Those that are still under the delusion that Republican success will be followed by a big boom in stocks are doomed to serious disappointment. The moderate rally that will ensue in the Ides of November will be very temporary in character and hardly be broad enough to allow weary holders to liquidate. There are a good many other things to be taken into consideration at the present time. Republican triumph alone will not give us back the boom we experienced some months ago. Economical factors are of more importance than politics, although the latter exert a dominating influence for the time being.

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Moses Rumsey,	Wm. D. Orthwein,	

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

The only practical success in color photography so far has been accomplished by indirect methods. Indirect color photography primarily consists in the production of three separate negatives, taken through screens of the three primary colors, red, green and blue, and in the optical superposition of these images; but there have been innumerable developments of this process. The original composite color photography, requiring three separate negatives obtained by three separate exposures and three separate positives projected by a single lantern, was too cumbersome and complicated to be practicable. A great effort has been made to bring the process into such shape that it could be easily accomplished even by the amateur and the apparatus required for it carried as easily as the ordinary camera. No such conditions have been attained, but a good deal has been accomplished, and the photochromoscope, with the kromskop, is thought by scientists to come as near a solution of the problem as any of the later inventions.

By this photochromoscope process the three negatives are taken upon a single sensitive plate at one exposure, and the contact positive, cut into three sections with scissors and mounted upon a folding cardboard, is dropped into the photochromoscope, which, as well as the camera, may be made stereoscopic, the size of the ordinary hand stereoscope. The camera illuminates three colorless transparent positives separately by light of the three primary tints, and these impressions are optically recombined into one colored image in the seeing apparatus or photochromoscope. Of course, this seeing instrument is necessary to carry out the sense of color, so the process is far from being the one long desired, which is to produce colored prints that may be framed and hung on the wall. Through this viewing device, however, color images of marvelous fidelity are obtained, giving all qualities of texture, sheen, translucency and atmosphere to a degree impossible to any color print on paper. Pictures of the old masters can be reproduced and seen in the photochromoscope with all their original qualities. Scientific objects, specimens for natural history collections, beauties of landscape, botanical specimens, tapestries and textile fabrics of all kinds may be studied through these color images as satisfactorily as from reality. The color records take up no more room than ordinary photographs, and if the cost and difficulty of the production can be decidedly reduced this form of color photography may be utilized to great advantage in schools, in medicine, in many of the other sciences, and in commercial business, where it could represent the quality and appearance of goods more satisfactorily than any print or fragmentary sample. Colored photographs of the most beautiful species of butterflies have been among the greatest triumphs of this process and not the smallest element of the beauty of the original is lacking in the reproduction. The miniature kromskop is the latest and simplest development of the apparatus and is less expensive than the original instrument.

Another method of color photography finding great favor to-day applies the same principles in another way. The light is projected upon the plate, not through three screens, but through one screen closely ruled in orange, green and violet. These lines are ruled on gelatine plates in pigments made up as inks, and these are from 800 to

to 1,000 to the inch, although when the lines exceed 400 to the inch the eye ceases to be annoyed by them. The resultant lines upon the positive register, of course, the degrees in which the three color sensations would have been produced. Then a second screen, ruled in red, green and violet, and gauged exactly in accordance with the first, is moved over the positive, producing waves of all colors until it reaches such a position that the red lines fall exactly over the lines recording red sensations, etc., when the picture appears in vivid and realistic color.—*N. Y. Sun.*

DYSPEPSIA: THE WORLD MOVER.

Dyspepsia is commonly regarded as one of the many attendant human ills, as one of those superfluous miseries thrown in at the last moment to make good measure against us. In reality, this is about the only harm that Dyspepsia is guilty of—it makes the recipient ungrateful for what it does to him, and leaves him railing against a benefactor.

Dyspepsia never attacks an unworthy subject, and when it grasps a man cordially by the stomach and sticks by him as no other friend, you may be sure that that man has got something in him that is worth while.

Dyspepsia will pass by every time some coarse, vulgar, unfeeling, healthy, animal creature and go and linger in the stomach of refinement and culture and intellectuality. I have known a man to eat a Welsh rarebit and drink a bottle of beer every night of his life until he was eighty, and Dyspepsia never came near him. That man was no poet. That man did not rise and fall on the tide of his emotions. That man was minus aspiration. He had no capacity for suffering. He did not know what it is to long. Dyspepsia never goes near a man, the seat of whose brain is located in his stomach. It wants a good, clear space to work in. It picks a man out with a lofty brow and an inherent capacity for achieving, and then just attaches itself to him as another obstacle to make him assert himself.

That is what Dyspepsia is here for—to take a little, weakened, thin apology for a human being, with a spark of genius in him, and make him so uncomfortable that he can not help but work. Whoever heard of anybody who really did things, who was entirely free from Dyspepsia? Napoleon had it. Sam Johnson's life was one long gastronomical repentance. The world was wiser every time Carlyle groaned, and the early morning pie-crust of Emerson has created an intellectual halo over every State in New England. Neither McKinley nor Bryan are troubled with it. As a rule, it leaves our Presidents alone.

Dyspepsia is a badge of ability. It is a sign of something that is bound to happen. It breeds in the humorist a fine melancholy and gives him a background to work upon. It is the best philosophical soil known. It nurses the sensibilities, makes a man irritable and ambitious, nervous and courageous, peevish and persevering.

Dyspepsia is a respecter of persons. The more delicate, the more finely wrought the machinery, the better pleased it is to dwell there. It comes to a man and says, "I will rob you of sleep and make you think. I will force you to fight many a battle with me and win, and yet I shall not be defeated. I will be your life-long enemy and your best friend. There shall be no peace between

us until you have done all the things I have set you to do."

With a good, healthy, persistent pain in his stomach, a man may conquer the world.

Tom Masson, in New York Life.

OFFICIAL GUIDE OF ST. LOUIS.

Now in its fourth year of publication, is by far the best and only reliable Guide ever issued in this city. It contains complete time tables of all railways; names and addresses of Fast Freight Lines and Commercial Agents; office building directory; amusements; an up-to-date street, avenue and boulevard directory; photo-engraved city map, showing all street car lines, transfers, owl-car time tables and a whole lot of other good things. Published monthly. Subscription, one year, \$1.00. Single copies, 10 cents. All news-dealers, or from us by mail. Office, Suite 17-18, 110 North 4th street.

A CHURCH TO A HORSE.

The finest church at Posen, on the eastern border of Prussia, was built by Frederick the Great. For centuries it has done duty as a place of worship, and yet had it not been for a war-horse it would never have been built. Close by, a bloody conflict occurred between the king and the Russians, and the former, always in the thick of the fight, had his charger killed under him—a sturdy animal that had borne him throughout many battles. He felt the joy of victory to be modified by the loss of the horse, and put up to its memory the famous church in question.

Not the Same Thing.—*First Summer Girl:* "Do they have music at your hotel?"
Second Summer Girl: "No, but they have two bands."—*Exchange.*

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THIS WEEK.

Eddie Foy
IN
A Night in
Town.

Regular Mat. Saturday
Prices
25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

NEXT WEEK.

THE
DAIRY
FARM.

(No Sat. Mat. or Sat.
night performance.)
Only Mat. Wednesday.
Prices
25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

DELMAR ^{10c} ^{25c} ^{50c}

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COMING.

"EVANGELINE"

And the

"GIRL FROM PARIS."

Reserved seats at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive st.

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A Cool and Refreshing Resort,

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SCHMIERKASE.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 322a.

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The Vaudeville House of the West.

Night at 8. Matinee Every Day at 2.

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The Bill Includes

FORD AND DOT WEST,

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And Others.

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Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

A GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL.

10==Big New Acts==10

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And Others.

Admission, Free. Reserved Seats, 10c and 25c

No Cooler Spot in Town Than

FOREST PARK Highlands

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PAPINTA,

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OZAV AND DELMO,

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NEXT WEEK—A Great Bill, including

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and His Ten Arabs.

Admission to Theater 10c.

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CRAWFORD'S,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

Dress Goods.

36-inch new Granite Weave Cheviot, a very serviceable fabric; was 40c, now **25c**

36-inch All-Wool Homespun Suiting, in the popular grays, browns and blue; looks like \$1 goods when made up, now **45c**

45-inch All-Wool Cheviot Serge and Scotch Tweed Suiting—2 special bargains, well worth 75c, **59c**

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We beg to call attention to our unequalled line of Reversible Golf Suitings, in all the popular grays, tans, castor, blues, greens and browns. We have one line 54 inches wide, was \$2.00 per yard, now **\$1.50**

Silks! Silks!

40 pieces All-Shade 19-inch Taffeta, worth 75c, now **59c**

24 pieces Black Swiss Taffeta, were \$1.10, now **85c**

20 pieces All-Silk French Peau de Soie, were \$1.29, now **\$1.00**

Guinet's French Peau de Soie, black only, yard **\$1.39**

This Silk was made to sell at \$2.25.

Suits and Jackets.

A new line of Children's Fall School Jackets, ranging in sizes from 4 to 14 years, in red, brown and navy blue, trimmed with 4 rows of white braid, sailor collar, double breasted, at \$2.50 and **\$2.25**

One lot of fine Ladies' All-Wool Covert Cloth Jackets, strapped seams, double breasted, large pearl buttons, surah silk lining; a fine fall jacket for **\$5.75**

One lot of Ladies' Shirt-Waists, in all sizes, a great bargain; closing out at 59c and **49c**

Hosiery for All.

Ladies Imported Fast Black Cotton Hcse, French feet, high spliced heel and toe and double soles; were 35c, now **19c**

Ladies' Imported Lace Hose, French lisle thread, opera shades, blue, pink, red, straw and flesh color; were 50c, now **35c**

Children's Artificial Silk Hose, fine 1x1 rib, tan color, sizes 8, 8 1-2 and 9; black, 6 and 6 1-2—regular price 35c, 3 pairs for 50c, or, a pair **17¹/₂c**

Infants' Imported Fine Cashmere Hose, fine 1x1 rib, merino heel and toe, size 4 only—were 25c a pair, now **12¹/₂c**

Wash Goods.

33-inch Sateen Plaid Black French Organdies, were 30c, now **15c**

75 pieces of fine 32-inch French Sateen, in blue, black, red, brown, gray and cream grounds, in foulard designs, nice for fall dresses and wrappers, 35c and 25c quality, per yard **15c**

Tinted Dimity, pink, blue, helio and Nile green, now **10c**

150 pieces of 24-inch Indigo Blue Prints, 6 1-4c quality, per yard **5c**

House Furnishings.

Last Call on Summer Goods.

\$4.50 Hammocks cut to \$2.75
 \$2.50 Hammocks cut to \$1.75
 \$1.65 Hammocks cut to 98c
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A big sample line of Traveling Bags, Suit Cases and Trunks At Cost.

MICKEY SEES "CLEOPATRA."

"Say," remarked Mickey, shifting his papers under his arms, and settling himself for a talk. "De odder day I takes a night off an' goes to de teayter to see 'Cleopatra,' an' I ain't come so near gittin' me money's wuth sence de cirkiss. Say, dat's great ain't it? De scenery is outer sight—all Mardi Gras business, wid a lot of coons, or some sort of foreign Dagoes in it, dressed up in a money belt an' brass earrings. Say, you could a packed up all de clothes in de show, an' carried 'em away in your vest pocket, witout making it bulge out. An' de actip', dat was way up in G. I kind of soured on de teayter sence deys got so many of dese society plays, where de actors des come an' go, an' lip it, an' youse can't tell for de life of you, whedder youse at de teayter or at pink tea wid de velvet push, but dis play was de real ting, wid Cleopatra an' Mark Antony—deys de main guys—doin' a croak in de las act dat makes your hair curl. De play begins wid where Mark Antony comes to Cleopatra's house to make trouble, an' he's puttin' in about tree laps to de mile, tellin' how he's going to trun her down. Des while he's shootin' off his bazoo deres a sound of music an' Cleopatra comes sailing up to de levee in a boat all dressed up like a fort o' July excursion. Hully Gee, but she's a peach, an' she knows her business. She gets rid of de spectators, an' den she begins to give Mark Antony a song an' dance 'bout him bein' de finest ever, an' she's never loved before, 'an' not to mention dem odder South Dakota weddins of hers, an' Mark Antony—he ain't never played in a shell game wid a woman befo'—an' he takes a tumble, an' when she'd done wid him she's done got all de boodle, an' eve'ying she wants. Den she invites him to take a ride wid her in her boat, an' as dey goes up de steps to de landin' she kind of smiles as ef she was tinkin', 'Oh, dis is too easy. Gimme sometin' hard next time.' Dere wuz nothin' but kissin', an' talkin', an' carressin' come after dat—jess hot air, dat's all, till some of Mark Antony's old friends come an' tell him dat de ward is goin' against him at home, an' dat he'd better come back an' mend his fences. At first Mark didn't want to go. Said dat de booze wuz free where he wuz, an' he wuz pretty comfortable, an' he'd kinder got used to wearin' dem foreign pyjamas; but Cleopatra, she got to thinking how she'd like to see Mrs Alderman Antony on her visiting cards, an' she hustled him off, an' den she took to her bed, moanin' an' groanin', cause she hadn't kept him wid her, but dat's de way wid a woman—she wouldn't be happy unless she wuz doin' sometin' she could repent of. Well, dis Antony, he wuz a pretty fly bird, an' soon as he got back he saw dat de watchword of der campaign wuz all fer home an' mother, an' so he tried to square hisself by marryin' de rival candidate's sister. When Cleopatra heard about it she nearly trun a fit; but she packed her grip an' let' by de next trolley fer de place where Antony wuz, an' when she got dere she did him up in de first round an' he promised to go home wid her an' be good. But, say, dis Cleopatra, say, she wuz a wise guy, an' she knowed de ropes, an' so she kinder kidnaped Antony an' took him along wid her. Cose Antony wuz mad, 'specially when he found out der gang had followed an' wuz tryin' to break in der door, but Cleopatra, she wuz a kind of witch an' she called up a storm. Say, dat wuz grate. You had oughter see it. Dat wuz actin' to chill yer. She jess stood up wid her peeps glued on de ceilin',

an' callin' out 'Tar-na-do! Tar-na-do!' Gee, but it wuz awful! Dere wuz screechy music fillin' de air, an' de actor loidy jess a standin' up dere, a-wavin' herself like de flagpole on de city hall, while de thunder rolled, an' de lightning flashed, an' de audience coughed its head off over de smoke from de wings. But de game wuz mos' up wid 'em, an' in de nex' act time wuz called. Somebody give Mark Antony a solar plexus blow dat finished him, an' Cleopatra—she wuz a dead game sport to de end—she put on her crown, an' settled herself like she wuz a queen to de las', an' den she let a dinky little snake bite her; I tell you dat play's all right, an' what I say goes."—N. O. Picayune.

TALK OF THE TOTS.

"What are the holes for?" asked little Edna, looking at the porous plaster that her mother was preparing to adjust on Willie's back. "It's funny you don't know that, sis," interposed Willie. "They're to let the pain out, of course."

Nice sugar-topped cakes were given to Kenneth and Daisy one evening, but as it was late they were persuaded to put them on a shelf until morning; but Kenneth's appetite for cake was uncontrollable, and he went and ate one of the dainties. In the morning the two went to the shelf together, and Kenneth seized the remaining cake and was making off with it when his sister objected. "You ate your cake last night," said she. "No," protested Kenneth; "it was your cake I ate."

It is one of the prime secrets of happiness to recognize and accept one's natural limitations, but philosophy of this kind is perhaps hardly to be expected of children. A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things that go to make up a grand dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at the unfinished portion of her dinner. "What's the matter Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look so mournful." "That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n full." And then she wondered why everybody laughed.—*Current Literature.*

DANGEROUS MEDICINE.

The mystery in which the doings of a doctor, scientist or inventor are clothed, to the ignorant mind, is the occasion of as many surprises as there are new things. An elderly woman in one of the simple homes in the Tennessee mountains was sick. The medicine that the doctor prescribed was in the modern, convenient form of capsules. The patient trusted her medical adviser, but regarded the medicine with suspicion. She had heard about the terrible dynamite cartridge. Some time after she had taken the capsules, her daughter inquired how she felt. "Mighty pol'y," was the reply. "Don't you want something to eat?" "No." Soon the mother sat up in her rocking chair. Thinking the attention would be gratefully received, the daughter filled her pipe with fragrant "baccy," and taking a live coal from the hearth, carried both to her mother. A scream of fear came from the old woman. "Take it away, chile! Don't you come near me with that fire while I've got those cartridges in me!"

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

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A STORY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Matthew Arnold, next to Whistler, was perhaps the most colossal egotist of his time.

After his return to London from his first lecturing tour in America, he visited old Mrs. Proctor, widow of the poet, "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Proctor. Mrs. Proctor, who was then 80 years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him: "And what did they say about you in America?"

"Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me."

"Well," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes.—*The New World.*"

How This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
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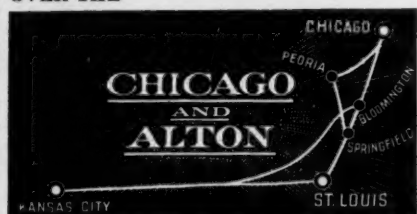
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